THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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A CRIME OF THE SUN.

The Strangest Means of Murder Ever Known---In the Shadows of the Noose---Love's Golden Chain.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

The square, gray stone house, shadowed by grand old trees, with its extensive and handsome grounds, stood upon the outskirts of the little town of Waverley, a suburb of Baltimore. Oak Hall was the property of Owen Gault, a rich, old bachelor, who had lived there alone with his servants for many years.

Then, one day, there had come to Oak Hall a slim, fair-haired woman, dressed in widow's weeds and accompanied by two boys aged twelve and eleven years respectively. It was soon known in the little town that the lady was a sister of Mr. Gault, whose husband having recently died and left her without means, had come to Oak Hall with her brother.

"Of course the two boys will come in for Mr. Gault's money," was the generally expressed opinion, "as they are his only living relatives."

On a May afternoon, twelve years after the arrival at Oak Hall, Mrs. Hazeltine, the sister of Mr. Gault, sat in the drawing room, gazing, with a fretful, worried expression on her fair, faded face, at her younger son, as he lay stretched languidly upon a couch near an open window.

He was a slim, young fellow, with a fair, good-looking face, which already showed signs of dissipation. The dark blue eyes were sleepy and languorous, the mouth, with its two red lips, was womanish and weak. The blonde hair, which clustered in curls over his white brow, was as soft and silken as a child's.

"You will surely break my heart, Charles," his mother was saying. "You came home again last night under the influence of liquor."

"Now, how do you know, mother, that I was typsy?" carelessly inquired the young man.

"Why, your uncle informed us of that fact at breakfast this morning," replied Mrs. Hazeltine. "You ought to know by this time," as the young man moved a little uneasily on his couch, "that Simmons has orders from Owen to inform him every time that you come home intoxicated. Oh, Charles, if the knowledge of the sorrow you are causing me will not keep you straight, then, for heaven's sake, think of how you are ruining all your prospects in life. You know well enough that Gault is your uncle's favorite, and that he will be only too glad of an excuse to leave everything to him. I know my brother too well not to be perfectly sure that he will never leave a penny of his money to a drunkard."

"Oh, come, now, mother, it's not so bad as that," cried Charles, deprecatingly.

"It soon will be, if you continue as you are doing now," said Mrs. Hazeltine.

"Oh, well, I am going to turn over a new leaf," said the young man.

"How many times have you said that, Charles?" asked his mother, despondently. "Oh, if you were only more like Gault!"

"But I am not, mother," said Charles. "Besides, it's no great credit to Gault to keep straight, for he hasn't but one passion in life---his love for Louise Abner. And what affection he can spare from her, he has bestowed upon that college chum and friend of his---John Rodney. By the way, Rodney's coming today, isn't he?"

"Yes, he will be here this afternoon," answered Mrs. Hazeltine. "Gault is going into the city to meet him."

"If Gault don't look sharp Rodney will cut him out with Louise," said Charles, with a light laugh. "Rodney is a deuced handsome fellow, and I don't believe that Louise is one bit in love with Gault."

"Then why has she promised to marry him?" asked Mrs. Hazeltine, listlessly. Charles was her favorite son, and she was much too absorbed in his unsatisfactory affairs to give any thought to her other son who had never caused her a moment's anxiety in all his life.

"Oh, I imagine she was carried right off her feet by the force of Gault's passion, and thinks she cares for him," replied Charles. "Louise is too light and shallow to really care for any one so grave and staid as old Gault."

"Gault has a very strong nature," said his mother. "He can hate as deeply as he loves, I am sure of that."

"Mary Merton, the preacher's daughter, is in love with Gault," began Charles, and then stopped abruptly as a young man entered the room.

Gault and Charles Hazeltine were as unlike as it is possible for two brothers to be. The former was rather heavily built, with dark hair and eyes, irregular, firm lips and a square, determined chin.

He had evidently overheard his brother's remark, for he frowned and a slight flush crossed his brow.

"I am going now to meet my friend, Rodney, mother," he said. "We shall be here in time for supper."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Hazeltine.

As Gault left the room, Charles laughed.

"He heard what I said about Mary Merton," he said. "But he knew it well before, the girl shows it plainly enough."

"Never mind about Gault, Charles," said his mother, "I want to talk to you very seriously about yourself."

The young man lifted himself upon his elbow, bent forward and patted caressingly the slender, white hand resting upon her lap.

"Oh, come now, don't scold me any more, mammy," he murmured, coaxingly. "I've got a deuced headache."

She bent over him, pushing back the soft hair which fell over his brow, with loving fingers.

"Oh, my darling; you know how dearly I love you," she murmured. "Don't break my heart."

In the meanwhile Gault Hazeltine walked rapidly down the main street of the town towards the street car station. About midway in the street was a substantial red brick house, with a doctor's office attached. A flight of marble steps led up to a stone porch. There, in a low chair, reclined a pretty, auburn-haired girl, with big, brown eyes and creamy skin.

Gault Hazeltine's eyes lighted passionately at the sight of her. He ran up the steps to her side. She glanced up at him, with a smile, flushing slightly as she met his impassioned gaze.

"Louise! Louise!" he cried, "do not tempt me!"

"Why, Gault, I thought your friend was coming today," she said.

"He is coming; I am on my way to meet him now," replied the young man. "You know I could not go by you, my darling, without a word," he added, in a lower voice.

The girl laughed softly.

"Tell me something about your friend," she said. "You are very much attached to him, are you not?"

"Attached to John Rodney? Yes, indeed," replied Gault Hazeltine, earnestly. "He and I were college chums and have been friends for years. He is the best fellow in the world and he is wonderfully good looking. At college he was called 'Handsome Jack Rodney.' I shall bring him to see you, Louise."

She glanced at him demurely through her long, curling lashes.

"You must be sure to bring him," she said. "I am quite anxious to meet him."

"I must be going now," said Gault.

He leaned forward, and, screened by the purple wisteria, which grew over one side of the porch, lifted her little white hand to his lips.

The girl sat watching him as he walked away, with a little meditative look in her soft, brown eyes. Charles Hazeltine was right---Louise Abner was in love with Gault. She was vain, selfish and coquette. Gault Hazeltine's passionate love pleased her, pandered to her vanity, and, when he asked her to become his wife, she could not make up her mind to send him away. He never dreamed that her tender words, her caresses, were but the allurements of a coquette whose chief delight in life is to play with the passions she is so skilled in arousing.

A buggy stopped before the house and Doctor Abner, a middle-aged man, with gray hair and a kindly face, alighted.

"I saw Gault a moment ago," said the doctor, as he came up the steps and paused beside his daughter. "He seemed to be in a hurry. It's difficult to realize that Gault and Charles Hazeltine were born of the same mother. I am sadly afraid that Charles is going to the dogs. I saw him again last night very much under the influence of liquor. If he keeps on in this way he won't stand much chance of coming in for any of his uncle's money. Owen Gault is too level-headed to run any risk of his money being squandered in drink. Gault will very likely come in for all of it."

"About how much is Mr. Gault worth, papa?" asked Louise.

The doctor laughed and plucked her sailing cloud.

"Oh, Gault won't be so badly off," he replied. "The old man's worth every cent of seventy-five thousand dollars, I imagine. Gault would get the lion's share anyway, I guess, he's his uncle's favorite."

"And Charles is his mother's favorite," remarked Louise.

"The scapegrace usually are," said the doctor. "Well, I am glad I have no money to worry over," he added, as he fondly ruffled up the girl's sailing hair with his big hand. "Of course you shall be, Lady-bird, when Gault takes you away."

Louise shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I shall not let him take me away for a long time," she replied.

"I am afraid that Gault won't listen to that," said the doctor, as he passed into the house.

Louise pouted her scarlet lips.

"We shall see," she murmured.

That evening, Louise, exceedingly pretty in a fleecy white gown, with pale lavender ribbons, sat alone in the parlor when Gault Hazeltine, accompanied by his friend, entered. Louise's soft, brown eyes lingered upon the latter as Gault introduced him.

John Rodney was fully six feet in height and of magnificent physique. He had a clear-cut skin, splendid dark gray eyes, silky black hair and mustache.

His very expressive eyes met Louise's soft, brown ones with an undisguised look of admiration. The evening passed with exceedingly quickness that Louise was astonished when the clock struck eleven and Gault rose to depart.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," said John Rodney, as the two young men walked down the street together. "Miss Abner is extremely pretty."

"I am glad that you admire her," answered Gault.

"You could hardly do otherwise," said John Rodney, as he stopped to light a cigarette.

Upon reaching Oak Hall, John Rodney went on up to his room and Gault turned into the library where his uncle sat reading. Owen Gault was tall and stooped, with white hair and keen, dark eyes which had not lost the brightness of youth.

"Ah, Gault, is that you?" he said, putting aside the paper he was reading as his nephew entered. "Where have you been this evening?"

"I took John around to call upon Louise," replied Gault.

"Humph!" muttered the old man. Then he added, with startling frankness, "I don't like this friend of yours, Gault."

Gault looked him quickly.

"Why, I am sorry to hear you say that, uncle," he exclaimed. "John Rodney is my dearest friend and I would do much for him."

"He is weak and insincere," said the old man, doggedly, "and it would require but little tempting to make him false to his trust."

"Oh, uncle, I am sure your judgment is at fault, and that you do John a wrong," said Gault.

"Well, well! perhaps time will prove whether my judgment is at fault or not," said Owen Gault, and the subject came when Gault like the wondered at his uncle's intuition.

As Gault passed his mother's room on his way to his own, the door opened and Mrs. Hazeltine appeared. She was in her dressing gown and her face was pale and troubled.

"Stop a moment, Gault; I wish to speak to you," she said. "Gault," she continued, laying her cold hand on arm, "Charles has not come in yet and I fear he is drinking again. You can see Simmons and ask him not to say anything to Owen? This is the fourth time in one week that Charles has come under the influence of liquor, and Owen is inclined to be so hard on him at all times that I don't know what he will do. Will you speak to Simmons, Gault? You have much influence with him."

"I am sorry, mother, but I cannot do it," answered Gault. "My uncle has instructed Simmons to inform him when Charles comes home under the influence of liquor. How can I think for a moment that I would try to cause my uncle's servants to disobey his orders? I would not permit myself by making such a request of Simmons even though my uncle had given him such instructions. Charles must take the consequences of his folly."

Mrs. Hazeltine drew back from him, an angry light in her blue eyes.

"I should have known it would be useless to appeal to you," she cried. "It is for your interest for Charles to stand in his uncle's favor."

"I am sorry, mother, that you should put such a construction upon my refusal to accede to your request," answered Gault Hazeltine, gravely, as he passed on.

CHAPTER II.

Four weeks have passed.

John Rodney, with a pale, set look on his handsome face, rang the bell at Dexter Abner's, and was shown into the little sitting room where Louise sat with a dainty piece of embroidery in her lap. She looked up, a soft flush coloring her cool, fair cheeks.

John Rodney came and stood beside her chair.

"I have come to bid you goodby," he said, abruptly.

Her brown eyes dilated with dismay.

"To bid me good-by," she repeated.

"Yes," he replied, "I am going away. God knows I should have gone long ago."

She gave him a swift, tender, passionate look.

"I do not want you to go," she murmured.

"Louise, Louise!" he cried, with a groan, "don't tempt me. Do not tempt me to be false to my friend. You know that I love you, but you are his affianced wife and can be nothing to me."

She smiled.

"I shall never be Gault Hazeltine's wife," she said. "I love you, John, and shall be to no man's wife but yours."

Then John Rodney forgot honor and friendship as many a man has before him, as many a man will again when a woman tempts. Sinking on his knees beside her he clasped her in his arms and kissed her upon the lips.

A few hours later John Rodney left Oak Hall. A hot flush rose in Mr. Gault's dark face as Gault clasped his hand at parting, and Gault's eyes looked affectionately into his.

"I shall never clasp his hand again, never see that look in his eyes," he thought, with a pang. "I wonder if love, in the long run, will prove as sweet as friendship?"

The next morning, as Owen Gault sat in his favorite seat under the tree on the lawn, Gault came out of the house and approached him, an open letter in his hand.

"Gault, my boy, what is the matter?" exclaimed the old man, for his nephew's face was colorless to the very lips, and his eyes ablaze with pain and anger.

"You were right, uncle," he said, in a hoarse, strained voice, "this man I thought my friend is both false and treacherous. Read that," and he laid the letter on his uncle's knee.

The old man adjusted his spectacles and took up the letter. It was written upon the paper of a Baltimore hotel and was very brief, but those words were sufficient to change Gault Hazeltine's whole life, to shatter his faith in woman's fidelity and man's friendship.

"I was married this morning, Gault, to John Rodney. I never loved you. I never knew what love meant until it came into my life. We did not want to wrong you, but what could we do since we loved each other? Forgive and forget. Yours harshly of as—Louise Rodney."

"The woman's be heartless as she's false," said the old man. "Neither of them is worth a moment's pale nor regret, my boy," he added, with a sudden softening of his cold, keen eyes, as he looked up into his nephew's white face.

"You are right, sir," was the reply. "But with a sudden rigid setting of the pale lips, "I shall always remember their treachery."

The Western people, craving love despitefully used, had been fortunately associated with Louise Abner, was unanimous in opinion that the assertion would go very hard with him. But Gault Hazeltine continued quietly on in the even tenor of his way, outwardly, at least, unchanged.

About a month after Louise's marriage, I was walking along a quiet country road a mile or more from town, when, reading to himself face to face with a slender, fair-haired girl, with gentle, blue eyes. The delicate color deepened in her cheeks at the sight of him.

"Good morning, Miss Morton," he said, as he lifted his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Hazeltine," she said, her low, sweet voice tremulous, white, at the same time she extended her hand, "I have been wishing that I could see you ever since I got your trouble. I wanted so much to tell you how very sorry I am for you."

He took her hand and held it in his while he looked gravely down upon her face, uplifted then.

"Mary," he said, quietly, "I believe that you are a good, true woman. Will you restore to me my reverence, my faith, in your sex? Will you become my wife?"

Her fair head drooped, for some moments she made no reply.

"Tell me," she at length murmured, "do you still love her?"

"Certainly not," he replied, "or I should not ask you to become my wife. Mine is not a nature to love those who have wronged me."

She lifted her blue eyes, such gentle, tender eyes, to his face.

"Then I will be your wife," she said.

He took her dark hand and kissed her, not passionately, but very gently and tenderly.

Six months later Gault Hazeltine and Mary Morton were married. When Louise Rodney heard of the marriage she shrugged her dainty shoulders and said to her husband, with a laugh:

"Of course he only married her through pique."

CHAPTER III.

A week after their marriage Gault Hazeltine entered the room in a New York hotel where his wife, dressed for the street, awaited him. He held an open telegram in his hand and looked very grave.

"I have just received this telegram from my mother, Mary," he replied. "My uncle has had a stroke of paralysis and is likely to die. We must return at once."

Upon the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Gault Hazeltine reached Oak Hall. One glance at the house, with its closed shutters and streamer of crape, was sufficient. "My uncle is dead," said Gault Hazeltine. Then he turned towards his pale bride. "This is a gloomy home-coming for you, Mary," he added.

She suppressed a shudder as she smiled a little tremulously. It would have taken a stronger nature than gentle Mary Hazeltine possessed not to have been impressed by the thought of entering her new home for the first time, with the shadow of death upon it.

Mrs. Hazeltine, pale and worn in her heavy mourning garments, met them in the hall.

"Your uncle died at six o'clock this morning, Gault," she said. "He never spoke nor gave any sign of consciousness after he was stricken."

Gault inclined his head in silence. His severe grief he reserved for the old man, who, in his way, had loved him, he gave no sign of it. He accompanied his pale, young bride to the apartments, then, leaving her with his mother, went alone into the room where his uncle lay.

Gault Hazeltine did not see his brother Charles until they met at dinner. The shock hands coolly. Young Mrs. Hazeltine was very tired and sat opposite.

"Rather a gloomy interruption to your honeymoon," said Charles, in the light, flippant manner which was very offensive to Gault's grave, stern nature. He made no reply to his brother's remark.

When they were seated at the table and the servant had withdrawn, Mrs. Hazeltine looked across at her elder son with haggard, restless eyes and said:

"Where is Gault, Gault, how your uncle has diposed of his property?"

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Mamma—Professor, has my daughter any of the requirements that go to make a great pianist?
Professor—Yah; she haf von.
Mamma—I am delighted. What is it?
Professor—She haf two hands.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "he left all his property to Gault, with an annuity to Mrs. Hazeltine of $1,200. If, however, after twenty-five years, Gault survived his brother, he is to receive $25,000. I suppose the old man had some idea of keeping Charles from pauperism in his old age. Mrs. Hazeltine refused to make her home at Oak Hall or to be separated from Charles, so they went to live together in Baltimore. Charles kept steady for a little while, and got something to do, then he took to drink again and lost his position. This continued for a year or more, then Mrs. Hazeltine was taken ill and died. They had been brought back here and Charles certainly seemed grief-stricken at the funeral, as indeed, he should have been, for he had caused her no end of suffering."

"And where is Charles now?" asked Mrs. Rodney.

"I really have no idea," replied the doctor. "He left Oak Hall immediately after his mother's funeral. I have understood that Gault makes him a small allowance, so he won't starve at any rate. He is a confirmed drunkard and is bound to go to the dogs. Gault will not allow him to come to Oak Hall."

"Gault always was a narrow-minded prig," exclaimed Louise Rodney, with a forceful curl of her shapely lip. "I really feel very sorry for poor Charles."

"Charles has no one to blame but himself," said the doctor. "He has made his own bed and now he must lie in it," and with this platitude the doctor rose from the table.

"Papa," said Louise, with a smile, as the doctor moved towards the door, "has Gault ever said anything to you about me?"

Doctor Abner turned and looked at her rather gravely.

"Never" he replied, emphatically. "You do not understand Gault Hazeltine or you would not ask such a question, Louise."

"Does he appear at all fond of his wife?" questioned Louise.

"I am sure he has a deep and tender affection for her, but Gault Hazeltine is not a demonstrative man," replied the doctor, as he left the room.

"I found him sometimes much too demonstrative," said Louise, with a little move of disgust.

Rodney arose, came over and stood beside his wife's chair.

"Tell me, Louise," he said, half playfully, half seriously, "aren't you sorry you did not stick to Gault Hazeltine instead of throwing him over for a poor devil like myself?"

She lifted her eyes and looked up into his face. He was so handsome that she forgot, for the time, all the inconveniences, the petty worries and many humiliating things which had sometimes hardened her selfish heart against him during their brief married life.

"No," she replied, as she nestled her shining head against him, "I am not sorry. I hate Gault Hazeltine." Then, as he bent and kissed her passionately, she added, "Oh, John, how I do wish you had his money!"

He turned abruptly away with a frown.

"You should have thought of that before you threw him over and married me," he said, and left the room.

"Oh, dear me! How ridiculously sensitive he is on that subject," murmured Louise, with a pout.

Then she ran upstairs and amused herself for an hour bathing and dressing up little Jack in one of his prettiest lace frocks with blue ribbons to tie up his sleeves. Then she looked at him with proud eyes and murmured:

"I know that Mary Hazeltine's baby will never be as beautiful as you, my sweet." She little guessed how the destiny of her own child and that of the child just born would be interwoven.

That evening about sunset John Rodney, who his small son called at his office, went for a walk. Turning off the main street into a quiet side street, his face came to face with Gault Hazeltine. Coming from opposite directions both men were forced to stop for the moment.

A red dusk mounted to John Rodney's brow, then, impulsively he held out his hand.

"Gault," said he, his voice a little tremulous, "will you shake hands with me? Will you forgive me?"

The child laughed and looked up into Gault Hazeltine's pale, set face, with its mother's soft, brown eyes.

This very interesting story will be continued next week. Readers are respectfully referred to our advertisement of free samples and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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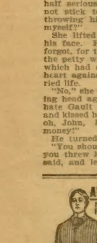
The Little Things in Life.

"All because of this infernal trust business," she snapped, as she spotted a bonfire and mourned because all her social engagements must be cancelled for weeks to come. "I wish I was congress for about three minutes.

"Trusts nothing," growled her better half, who is something of a monopolist himself, and knows all the arguments in defense of his position. "It all happened because you women will cling to a fashion, no matter how ridiculous it is. If you were just like a christian instead of having it puffed up in front in a roll of hair, none of this thing would never have happened. You would have every hair in your head standing out like the quills of a fretful porcupine, the word came from Paris that such was the proper caper."

"William Casper Jones, you have stuck in the match trust. I can tell from the way you talk. You'd stick up for these sputtering, flying, murderous, red-headed matches if they had burned Detroit and half the people in it. When I struck that infernal machine the air was filled with the hissing of sulfate of the explosion. One spark landed in my pompadour, and it was a good three weeks before I could get it out. Behold the result. No front hair, no eyebrows, no expression except that of a sullen idiot! You are partly responsible. I'm a sight! Sell, burn or give away that stock of yours, as you know best."

"I will study the market first thing in the morning, dearie."



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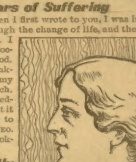

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Obliging.

The young man who sings loud and long was interrupted by a friend in the next apartment.

"Excuse me," said the tall, thin stranger, "I am sorry to intrude. I occupy the flat under you, and I hate to be the cause if you are the gentleman who sings the ballads."

"Yes," was the answer, with the air of a man who does not cannot deny the truth. "Are you fond of music?"

"I don't know that I am what you would call fond of it. At the same time I haven't anything against music, but it. I am very much affected by some things I hear."

"That amounts to the same thing as being fond of it," was the answer in a tone of soothing encouragement.

"I have been wondering if I caught the words of your favorite song correctly. Let me see:

"'How often, oh, how often,
Have I wished the sinking tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.'

Is that right?"

"Yes, it's all right according to my recollection. Each one of the pieces you are affected by?"

"Yes, I have been affected by that for hours at a time. It has drawn me irresistibly to you. It has filled me with a yearning to do something that would make you happier. And I called up to say that if you'll come down to the office with me any evening I'll pay your car fare and hire a boat and give you a start on the first rolling log that comes along. Don't mind saying that the farther out it bears you the better I'll be satisfied."

PERSONAL.—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons with up to date address. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant friendships, homes and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 116, Chicago, Ill.

Enjoy Themselves in a Tomb.

Judge Gottfried Krueger of Newark, N. J., was the center of a remarkable celebration. He had invited his friends to join him in inspecting his tomb.

Mr. Krueger is a millionaire brewer. The tomb has been built in Fairmount cemetery, New Jersey, and cost $250,000. There was a jolly time in the mausoleum, for it is just a new massive stone grave and death has not entered it. The genius of the festivities has been built of gray granite. It resembles a cathedral in general appearance. Huge bronze doors guard the portals. Inside carved stone pillars support the roof, and on either side are stone cells with massive carved shields, ornamental stone coffins, cut from Tennessee granite, will hold the body of the brewer and his wife when they have left this earthly sphere. Angels carved from Carrara marble stand in devotional attitude all over the crypt and interior hall. Suspended from the central dome is the lighted lamp, which is to be kept burning always. No tomb in this country, with the possible exception of the Vanderbilt mausoleum, is more nearly complete or expensive.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A WOMAN'S FINGER.

BY B. W. BYAM.

At blush of dawn upon the seventh day
God chose with patient care a virgin clay,
And from it fashioned in his wondrous way
A woman's figure—pure, fair and true,
Whose velvet touch God gave the magic power
To soothe the cares and sorrows of the hour.
Then left the charm to woman as her dower—
A magic wand to smooth life's thorny trail.
His work complete, God sank to rest and slept.
When Satan his black shoals with stealthy step
And cunning leer the crafty devil crept.
And on that finger's tip he put—a nail.

In the Windy City.

A low wail of anguish burst from the Chicago lawyer's lips.

"Can I," he exclaimed, clasping his throbbing brow, "can I believe my senses?"

"No," replied the practical New Yorker, pointing to the latest edition of the city directory, "I don't, in all justice, think you can."

Elephants as Nurses.

Siamese women entrust their children to the care of elephants, who are careful never to injure their little creatures, and if danger threatens the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk, and swing it up and out of harm's way upon its own broad back.

Removed the Cause.

Highgear—Why the dickens have you taken the name-plate off your wheel?
Sprockets—I've joined the church and quit fighting.

BY MARO O. ROLFE

Begun in No. 8, February 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

LAUGHING IN A PISTOL'S MOUTH.

Fincastle was now confronted by a serious problem. Duty evidently demanded that he should go down the line with Mainhall, as he had arranged to do, and his concern for his daughter dictated that, instead of keeping his appointment with Mainhall, he should institute inquiries for her.

In his perplexity he turned to DeLisle for counsel and the secret agent gave it promptly, and its logic was such as to settle the question in Fincastle's mind at once.

"If you remain you will lose whatever chance you have of balking Marpis in his designs on the Rocket Express. You can wire for the engine along the line. Here you can do no more than any assistant, Hawley, and probably not so much. I will call Hawley up and put him on the trail at once."

In five minutes DeLisle had had a satisfactory telephonic conference with Hawley and the superintendent and the secret agent had resumed their journey to the switch yard.

The locomotive that was to bear them down the line was ready to make the start and Mainhall sat on a tool-chest near at hand awaiting the superintendent's arrival.

Without words or delay Fincastle and De Lisle climbed into the cab of the engine, and the superintendent beckoned to Mainhall to join them, which he did with much alacrity.

He looked keenly into the faces of the two men as he took his place in the cab.

"Ah," he remarked, in a dry, incisive way, "you are an ideal engineer, Mr. Fincastle; but, I'm thinking Mr. De Lisle will find firing a locomotive on such a run as is before us pretty hot work."

Fincastle started, but the secret agent was as cool as the man who had thus informed him that his identity was no secret.

"Mr. Signbee Secord," he said, calmly and evenly, "you'll have to play a pretty straight game to-night—much straighter than some of the games you used to play in Redhead Rodger's place in New York—or you'll get into serious trouble."

Mainhall bowed with mock civility, but vouchsafed no reply.

In twenty minutes they were out of town and dashing down the line, Fincastle's engineer's blood leaped as he held the locomotive down to her work, but anxiety about his daughter kept him in the most agonizing suspense.

It was an hour before either of the three men spoke. As Mainhall had predicted, the task fell to him, and he assumed no easy task, but he was not one to shrink from duty. Fincastle kept the engine steady and Mainhall sat in the cab watching the others and glancing at his watch from time to time, as if taking note of their rate of speed. It was Fincastle who broke the silence:

"Well, Mr. Mainhall," he asked, "are you ready now to tell us what is ahead of us where we are going, and what we are to do?"

"You are to keep right on. Make about fifty-five miles an hour. When I have any further instructions to give I will let you know."

"But it will be necessary for us to report at certain stations in order to keep the right of way," urged Fincastle.

"I leave all that to you," was Mainhall's reply.

They passed two freight trains, both sidetracked within the next-hour and then ran into Hinton and stopped.

Fincastle left the locomotive in care of De Lisle and hastened to the telegraph office, closely followed by Mainhall.

He attended to the necessary telegraphing for the running of the engine over the line for a considerable distance in advance and then made inquiries concerning whether the engine that old Rob Graham had taken down the line that afternoon.

Conceiving as well as he could his surprise at seeing the superintendent in engineer's garb, actually operating a locomotive, the telegrapher sent an inquiry along the wire to the next station and then Graham and his charge were at Chenoyville.

"Are you sure Rob Graham has the engine?" was the next question.

"Yes."

"And is Miss Fincastle with him?"

"Yes."

"And who else?"

"Another lady and three men."

"That's a proper description of the party," thought Fincastle. "Now," he said to the operator, "get Miss Fincastle to send me some word by which I shall know that all is well with her. It will take but a minute," he added to Mainhall, who was beginning to betray his impatience at their long wait.

Meanwhile the telegrapher was getting something from Chenoyville.

"The engine has gone on down the line," he said, presently. "You can go on and I will see if they can wait for you at Minargo-ville."

Taking such hope as he could from what he had learned, Fincastle rushed out and sprang to his place in the locomotive and Mainhall scrambled up beside him. As they began to move again Fincastle gave some hurried directions to De Lisle about his part of the work, and then they dashed on, speechless through the deepening gloom, for it was now past nine o'clock.

Mainhall maintained a sphinx-like demeanor. He looked nervously at his watch two or three times, and then said:

"Faster, Mr. Fincastle, a little faster, or we may be too late."

Fincastle was growing nervous, too, and he showed it. Turning, he confronted Mainhall with a threatening scowl, and demanded to know his plans.

Mainhall laughed mockingly.

CHAPTER VI.

PERIL PASSED AND PERIL TO COME.

"Fire!" cried Mainhall. "Fire and you destroy your only hope of saving the Rocket Express!"

With a smothered curse, Fincastle let the hand that held the revolver fall at his side.

"Damn you!" he yelled, "this infernal secrecy and uncertainty would drive most men crazy! Why don't you tell us your plans as any other man would?"

"Because I am a peculiar man and have peculiar notions, one of which is that when I have absolute authority in any matter it should be carried forward in accordance with my own judgment and wishes. If you think you can conduct affair better than I can, I will get off anywhere, if you will stop the engine, and leave everything to your judgment."

"But what is there to be gained by keeping us in ignorance of what is to be done?"

"You will understand that better later."

And Mainhall would say no more. De Lisle laid a hand on Fincastle's shoulder and said in a low tone:

"Let him have his way until you are certain he means us some treachery. Then we will both overpower him and call him to account."

The superintendent again addressed himself to the management of the speeding locomotive, and, looking out through the cab windows, took notice of their locality. They were approaching Well's Station and he knew they were good time. A few minutes later they dashed through the little village of Waverly, Honeyville was but twenty miles away and Minardsville, where Fincastle hoped to intercept the engine that had gone down the line in the afternoon, was twenty-three miles beyond Honeyville.

Fincastle was wretchedly low-spirited. The events of the day and the evening were wearing on him. He resolved to seek the first opportunity to stop and telegraph again. Great as was his concern for the Rocket Express, his anxiety for his daughter was many times greater.

They passed two more freight trains and a passenger train, each standing on the switch to allow them the right-of-way, and Fincastle congratulated himself that everything was working out favorably, and that there seemed no prospect of an accident at any point.

Yet he was full of apprehension. A few miles ahead there was a wide detour where the railroad passed around a high and sharply defined bluff. He knew they were nearing that point, when the view of the track was obstructed, at a high rate of speed. What if some train should be approaching from the opposite direction.

He stated the case to Mainhall.

"Go on! Go on!" was Mainhall. "You slacken speed at the peril of the Rocket Express!"

Fincastle shuddered and looked askance at De Lisle.

"Go ahead," counseled the secret agent. "You have provided for a clear track and have secured assurance that you would not have it."

On they went, Fincastle with one hand gripping the lever, leaning far out of the cab window, and straining his eyes into the darkness ahead. He was a lurch as the engine turned to the left and began to round the bluff.

Fincastle fairly held his breath and De Lisle's face showed the pallor of death in the dim light. Mainhall stood erect, white, but smiling. The supreme moment arrived when the engine plunged upon the extreme part of the curve.

The superintendent uttered a cry of joy.

No train was in sight—nothing save the few lingering lights of the small village of Jonathon. The on-rushing locomotive dashed through the place with a long-drawn whistle, opened Fincastle's trembling hand, awoke the villagers from their first sleep and afforded them an interesting topic for conversation the next morning.

But this was one of the few events of that fateful night that passed off well. The delay in the line of the P. Q. & R. R. R. Co. has been referred to as an illustration of the fact that safe deliverance from small perils strengthens the heart against greater ones. Fincastle felt his nerve stiffening after this, and De Lisle began to feel like an old railroad man. As for Mainhall, his face grew sterner, his eyes more fixed and his pose more erect and statue-like, but his smile remained, or was it a sneer?

"Now," said Fincastle, "we have a clear sight ahead until we reach the cut beyond Tilden Junction. No trains ever run through there faster than ten miles an hour."

"Then we'll give the track there a new experience tonight," declared Mainhall.

"You will keep up your speed there and everywhere until I instruct you otherwise, except at the stations where you have to do a little wiring to make the run over a cleared track."

Fincastle made no reply, but he was busy with a new idea. Mainhall imposed upon him the responsibility of making the run safely and would not interfere with his stopping at any station to do anything that promised to contribute to that end. There was a small village just this side of the cut. He would stay there and make sure of how everything was before he ventured on dangerous ground and perhaps he might learn something of the other engine and of his daughter.

In a quarter of an hour the locomotive ran past Tilden Junction and approached the hamlet Fincastle had in mind. As the superintendent began to shut off the steam Mainhall clutched his arm.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" he said in a cool, irritated way. And he seized the lever and the engine leaped forward like a huge horse maddened by the whip of a giant driver.

CHAPTER VII.

WAS HE MAD?

A curse broke from Fincastle's lips and he seized Mainhall and forced him back and again laid his hand on the lever.

Mainhall was on him like a tiger and had it not been for the interference of De Lisle one or both of the struggling and enraged men might have rolled off the engine and fell beside the track.

"He is not weighted to our compact," panted Ellis Mainhall, or Signbee Secord, as De Lisle had once known the man. "I was to direct matters tonight and he was to obey me in all things. It is your prerogative, Mr. De Lisle, that embodies him to act as he does, though I am aware he isn't acting on your advice. If you have any influence with him do not let him forget the Rocket Express!"

"Remember, Secord, if you are not acting in good faith you are sure to get the worst of it!" gritted De Lisle. "Until I know you are a traitor, however, I will try to have Fincastle respect your wishes, though I disclaim any authority or special influence over him. But why should we not slacken our speed until after we have passed the cut?"

"Because, by so doing, we might lose time."

"As nearly as I can judge," broke in Fincastle, "we're making about fifty miles an hour now."

Mainhall nodded.

"Why shouldn't we go at the rate of sixty miles an hour over safe parts of the line and take our time over unsafe portions? That way we would make about the same speed with greater safety."

"Suppose you had to stop suddenly, with not a second to spare—not an instant? You may want to do that. Wouldn't a speed of a mile a minute bother you a little under those circumstances?"

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Do you know the tell tale signs and what they mean?
Do your lungs pain you?
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Do you have a stubborn cough?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Are you subject to colds that "hang on?"
Are you pale and thin?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Is your appetite variable and poor?
Are you losing flesh?
Do you lack stamina and endurance?
Does your head ache?

These symptoms call for quick relief if you would spare yourself the consumptive's lot.

There is but one treatment known to science that will cure consumption and all diseases leading to it—never-failing treatment that is doing a grand work throughout the land—the Slocum System of Treatment.

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Mainhall was looking Fincastle frankly in the face with not a trace of the anger that had distorted his visage only a minute before.

"Yes, Mr. Mainhall, it would."

"Then won't you believe what I am trying to do? I suppose I should be nervous in your place, Mr. Fincastle, but you would be a great deal more nervous than you are now were you in mine. Try and look at the matter in that way."

Fincastle was too much wrought up to reply. Besides, he was concerned about their passage through the cut. He nodded reassuringly to Mainhall and then, grasping the lever to be in readiness for any emergency, he gazed ahead.

The little wayside station and the few mean habitations grouped about it, sped past them and were swallowed up in the darkness out of which they had come. The darkness into which they were going was pierced by a long bright ray from the engine's nocturnal eye. The two lines of rail ahead shone like burnished steel, as indeed, they were.

The cut was less than a mile ahead. It was not a cut alone, but a curve running through a cut. It was about a quarter of a mile from one end of it to the other. At any time, under any circumstances, it was a place of peril, and now the danger was multiplied many times by the high speed and fell headlong to the platform of the tender.

"Jessop," cried De Lisle, "we must capture him and bind him hand and foot. Both together, Fincastle!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CHEEK-TO-CHEEK WITH DEATH.

Mainhall was clearly at a disadvantage, but Fincastle and De Lisle were a little too slow. He was on his feet as they rushed upon him and thrust his two revolvers in their faces.

They felt that to lay a hand on him would be certain death.

Again he was master of the situation and whether he was sane or a dangerous maniac, he had them at his mercy.

By this time the engine was at the center of the cut and midway of the curve.

Fincastle breathed a sigh of relief at the thought that at least half the danger was passed, yet in an instant they might collide with a train coming up the line. He leaned out of one of the front windows of the cab and looked as far ahead as he could see.

Pitching and tossing, almost like a boat on a storm-swept sea, the locomotive darted round the curve and toward the lower end of the cut, and with a terrible fascination Fincastle still tried to penetrate the

"I am a dead shot and will shoot before I yield."

at which the locomotive was moving.

Again, instinctively, Fincastle sought to retard the motion of the throbbing thing of iron and steel that was heaving them on an errand of unwelcome mystery, perhaps of destruction.

"Have a care!" hissed Mainhall. "Have a care! Dare not forget the Rocket Express!"

The superintendent gave up again to this strange man of iron will, but only for an instant, for the instinct of self-preservation was too strong to be trampled upon thus.

Again Fincastle sought to shut off the steam. Mainhall seized his wrist and wrenched his hand away from the lever. De Lisle looked on with bated breath.

"Madman!" howled Fincastle, his voice ringing loud and clear above the roar and rattle of the bounding locomotive. "Madman! you would send us all to death! I would be criminal to yield to you further! Stand back! Stand back! Stand back, I say!"

Mainhall only clung to him the tighter.

"Let go, engine ruin!" De Lisle cried, in reply. "Let her go! She is doing very well!"

"De Lisle!" yelled Fincastle, "De Lisle, this man is crazy. This whole senseless mission is but a creation of a mind deformed! The freak of a lunatic. To be guided by him longer is worse than folly. We must overpower him! Seize him, De Lisle! Seize him!"

As these words reached him, Mainhall leaped backward and stood in the front of the tender, a revolver in either hand. Fincastle and De Lisle were both covered by his deadly aim.

"I am a dead shot!" he cried. "I will shoot before I will yield in this matter! Make no mistake. The one of you who attempts to slacken speed will make the rest of the trip a corpse. Don't try to pull your gun—you will be too late!"

"My God!" thought De Lisle. "Fincastle is right—this man is a maniac, and we are in his power."

The engine had now entered the long, curving cut and nothing was visible in advance beyond where the shining rails appeared to penetrate the blackness. The thing of animate metal that was bearing them onward toward an unknown goal and an unknown fate, rocked frightfully as it ploughed its way into the deepening gloom and at times some of the three stood any too firmly on his feet.

Mainhall staggered, then lost his balance and fell headlong to the platform of the tender.

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cautiously," answered De Lisle.

"Oh, this is a mere mischance—just a blunder of Fincastle's, who should have had the track clear according to program. His failure to do so has imperiled all our lives and will cause quite a loss of time that we shall be unable to save the Rocket Express!"

The two were aghast at his cool audacity.

"This is criminal negligence on your part, Fincastle," he added, "and your defiance of my wishes and of your own promises was criminal idiocy. Who do you now think was crazy, you or I? You have no such fool on earth as the man who thinks he knows it all. Now," in a tone of authority, "run back to the Junction, and get on the switch while this train which has no business on the main track runs safely past us, and while the Rocket Express dashes straight to perdition, for only by accident or by the help of a direct intervention of Providence, can we hope to save her now!"

With the aid of the local switchman, who obeyed his signals promptly and accurately, Fincastle got the engine on the switch and the track had scarcely been made ready for the up-train before it halted beside them.

Fincastle sought out the conductor and the engineer and found them talking together excitedly and comparing two slips of paper, which they held in trembling hands.

"How did you make that horrible mistake?" he asked.

"It beats the devil!" exclaimed the engineer, holding out to Fincastle the fluttering slip of paper.

"Too much for me!" the conductor blurted out, putting into Fincastle's hand the paper he had been comparing with the engineer's.

Fincastle looked at the two slips of paper and gave utterance to a cry of consternation. Presently he said:

"These orders appear regular and are signed apparently by me, and not by the dispatcher. They are forgeries. They purport to give train No. 10 the right of way over this division, and that vital purport was to destroy you and us as a means to further crimes."

Another installment of this fascinating story will appear next week. Ledger readers are respectfully asked to note our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Search-Lights at Fires

An electric searchlight, mounted upon a wagon resembling in general appearance an ordinary fire engine, is to be added to the equipment of the New York city fire department. An engine and dynamo, carried by the wagon, supply two lights, each having an eighteen-inch lens. The light can be either concentrated on a particular point, or spread over a wide area, and if necessary, the lights can be carried to a distance from the wagon, the electric connection being maintained with insulated cables. The object of the searchlight engine is both to illuminate streets and corners where the firemen have to place their hose and to throw light into windows and other places where people are to be rescued from the flames and smoke.

The Wear of Pneumatic Tires.

It is said that in the case of heavy vehicles, such as motor carriages, the principal cause of wear and destruction of the pneumatic tires is not puncturing or breaking, but internal strain and friction. In some tires the interior fibres of the rubber have been found reduced to a fine powder by the constant wear.

Smooth Mr. Brown.

Penelope—Mr. Brown is the most entertaining man I have met for a long time.

Aphrodite—Why, I thought him very stupid.

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A HANDSOME MUSTACHE and beautiful growth of hair can be obtained by using ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE. It is the most wonderful HAIR GROWER known. We warrant every package. Send stamps for sample, or 50 cents for full size bottle. ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE, 1 West 23d St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

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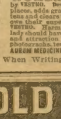

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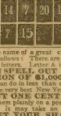

Each one of the above three lines of figures spells the name of a great city in the United States. This is a brand new puzzle and can be solved only by the use of a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the cities instead of letters. Letter A number 1, B number 2, C number 3, and so on through the alphabet. BE THE CAUSE OF SOME ONE WINNING THIS $1000. YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF $1,000 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY during the months of March and April, 1900. Any one sending the correct answer to the above puzzle, from New York State or out of it, may have one hundred dollars in gold if there be no more than one correct answer from the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have solved the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take an entire contest to solve the three names, but STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE $1,000. A copy of this high-class ONE DOLLAR MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send your answer at once. Address ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., 94 North William Street, New York City.

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A RICH FOOL'S CRIME.

From Love to Vengeance --- Story of a Heart That Broke Yet Triumphed--- A Poor Girl's Fortune.

By AGNES GERALD LYLE

Author of "Lost to the World," "The Witches of Wildwood," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1900.)

Begun in No. 7, February 17. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

RETRIBUTION.

The threat of Mark Harris was no idle boast. His millions of money had made him very near and dear to the Czar. Somehow czars, kings, emperors, and even presidents of our own republic, have a warm place in their hearts for men of millions. They find them convenient in the maintenance of position and power and to save private fortunes.

The wealth of Mark Harris had been accumulated, as most such wealth is, by his father by very unwarrantable means.

The poor had been ground into the dust, the wife, mother and child of toil had starved that millions might be accumulated to give the son an opportunity to do likewise.

He had revealed his wealth and power to friends near the Czar. He had been taken wholly by surprise in the discovery that the widow, Lady Launcelot, was Grace Mortimer, but he had suspected Blanton was in the city and preparing to save him from arrest. He had provided against such a contingency by employing a number of spies, who were ready to swear that they had both been seen in consultation with nihilists.

Strange cipher dispatches were to be attributed to them, which he had himself sent to interpret.

"Now, Grace Mortimer," he hissed, when he had laid the whole plan before her, "consent to become my wife and drop this shadowing business, this thought of retribution, or you and this man Blanton shall both go to Siberia."

The start, the pallor, the trembling form, all convinced him that what he had all along suspected was true. She loved the man Blanton.

"What do you say?"

She turned away and hid her face.

"Do your worst, Grace, I am prepared for both of you. You will accede to my terms or yourself and Blanton will both land in Siberia."

He turned coldly about and walked away.

For a moment Grace Mortimer stood against a huge jardeniere for support. Blanton was even then within the building, and despite her denial of any knowledge of his whereabouts, she was convinced Mark knew of his presence.

Did he really hold the trump card in his hand?

She would see.

She went to the door of a small apartment and rapped on it. The door was opened by the Englishman, Mr. Arthur Blanton. In the apartment were two Russian officers who had evidently been in close conversation with him.

"Well?" asked Blanton.

"He knows all."

"Does he?"

"Yes. He knows you are here and our object. He recognizes me at last," said Grace.

"Oh well, what does he say?"

"That he is a friend of the Czar and has evidence against us which will send us to Siberia."

"And will he try that?"

"Yes, sir; he means what he says, and believes he holds the winning card."

There was a moment of whispered consultation with the two officers and then a plan was agreed upon.

"We must act in this matter without the knowledge of the Czar," said Blanton. "Our plan may seem rather strange, but it will win."

That night they boarded a sleigh and left St. Petersburg.

The next day one of the spies of Harris told him that the English widow had given up her home, and gone.

"Where has she gone, I must find her."

A few hours later he returned with the information she was resting at a small village called Balakat, ten leagues away from St. Petersburg.

Mark Harris determined to start to Balakat that very night, and find some hiding place in one of the hotels, where he could watch them unobserved.

It was a clear Russian night. The sleigh sped over the gleaming reaches of snow. The horses went at a gallop and the dark forests seemed to possess some bewitching charm to Mark Harris, as he sat wrapped in furs and gazed on the surroundings.

His life had been a strange one. He had yielded to his passions and hates until to be crossed in his purposes, almost drove him mad.

"Grace Mortimer lives!" he thought. "She was reported drowned by this accursed Blanton. It is Blanton's riches that pursues me. I will be ruthless, and that persons who are in my way. I am out of the way to make her his wife. I will spoil that game. By the eternal, I have never yet been defeated in any undertaking and I never will be."

Then he began to formulate his plans. He would learn where the two were hiding, a messenger would be sent back to St. Petersburg for officers to arrest them. They were trying to escape in an attempt at escape meant guilt.

The sleigh suddenly came to a stop.

"What the devil is the matter?" he bawled to the driver.

"There are objects in the road."

"Wolves!"

"No, men."

"It's outlaws. Get your gun," cried Mark, drawing his pistol.

"No, stand aside, and let me pass," cried the driver.

"Halt! You will surrender the man in your sleigh to us as a prisoner," returned the voice of a Russian.

"What does this mean?" cried Mark.

"The American is wanted."

Bang! went Mark's pistol, wounding one of the men standing in the snow.

"Fool, you will repent that!" howled a voice at his rear.

The driver had raised his gun when a shot brought him down, and the horses, frightened by the discharge of fire arms, plunged forward and started to run, but were seized by stout arms and held.

Mark Harris climbed up to the top of the hind part of the sleigh and fired twice, but missed both times.

Some one leaped upon the sleigh and struck him a blow which rendered him senseless.

When he recovered consciousness it was still dark. He was lying bound hard and fast and the sleigh speeding like a meteor through the snow.

"Be quiet. Don't move or try to escape and you will fare much better," said a stern voice.

The man spoke in English with such a strong American accent that there was no doubting his nationality.

He soon became aware of the fact that there was another sleigh following close after them. Then there was one before.

Armed men were all around but under the command of this American.

After convincing himself that it was useless to try to free himself, as he was handcuffed, he asked the stranger:

"Who are you?"

"I am John Bledsoe of New York, secret service, sir. You will give you my card if it was not so deucedly cold," and Mr. Bledsoe puffed away at his cigar.

All night and next day through a strange, wild country they traveled.

A perfect understanding seemed to have been had with the people. There were always fresh horses at the posts, and they never stopped but a moment at a time, then away they went, galloping.

The whole thing seemed to have been arranged.

"Where am I being taken?" asked Harris of the man who had called himself John Bledsoe.

"To New York, United States of America. You will be an American citizen. Connecticut there awaiting you."

Late Saturday night, reaches only at a small cabin in the woods. Here, for the first time, he saw Grace Mortimer and Blanton.

He did not speak to them, but he knew they were prisoners as well as he was.

After their rest at this point they pushed on through mountainous regions for days, then due west.

It was in the night when they came to what seemed a wild, rocky coast.

This proved to be the Gulf of Finland. They were met by a steamer with no house in sight.

Lights flashed on the water from a small vessel at anchor.

The steamer was fitted out of the sleigh and taken down the rocky shore to a boat and was then rowed out to the steamer.

It proved to be a magnificent yacht. Others came, but he did not see them.

He was locked, however, in the room of the persons who came aboard were Blanton and Lord Launcelot.

The hope of being rescued had begun to die in his heart, and when he found the yacht was steaming away from land at a rapid pace, he began to despair.

That Grace Mortimer, his ward, was borne he knew not written.

Days and nights for a long time.

It was midnight and he was sound asleep when he was awakened by his captor shaking his shoulder violently.

He was taken from the small compartment in which he found the yacht's physician and surgeon, a great ocean steamer, at the dock in New York.

He trembled with dread.

His was half led and half carried on board the steamer, covered and soon it was under way.

"Well, Mr. Harris, you are now under way to New York. You will soon be home."

"What do you mean?" asking a man home to hang," he gasped.

"This is Justice, Mr. Harris."

"Retribution, you mean."

"No, justice."

"But you who employed you to hunt me down?"

"I have no hesitation to tell you, sir. It was Mr. Newton Blanton," said Mr. Bledsoe. "Your crimes against the heroine in his wife, which you had betrayed and thrown into the sea. His wife's letter and confession, full particulars of your rascality, resolved on your punishment."

"Is she his wife?"

"Not yet, but will be. On learning later you had killed George Mortimer, Grace's brother, he persuaded her to remain unknown to the world, to go to England with his mother, and travel all over Europe as Lady Launcelot."

"To entrap me?"

"Yes."

"I see it all now. It is retribution, retribution!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The steamer reached New York without accident and Mark Harris, the millionaire, was lodged in the Tombs. His feelings must have been indescribable. The papers were full of the story, but none of them, in boom competition, who had been so loyal to him in the days of his prosperity came to even offer a word of condolence.

One morning all the leading dailies contained the following flaring headlines:

"SUICIDE IN PRISON"

The text went on to state that the millionaire, Mr. Mark Harris, had by some means unknown to the jailor, obtained prussic acid, and committed suicide.

Extradition papers had just been prepared, and he was that day to be removed to Connecticut, the scene of his crime, to his own guilty conscience removed him beyond the reach of human justice.

His vast fortune was divided among numerous poor relations scattered over the country, and it is hoped did some good to her all.

Two months later, a delightful day in June was drawing to a close. Grace Mortimer, so long mourned as dead, had been restored to her parents.

She was again near the great rock at the end of the point whither she had wandered. A lover was once more at her side.

It was not a false, cruel lover this time, but a gentle and brave man who stood by her side.

"It was here by this great rock that I passed through the most fiery ordeal of my life," she said. "Here stood this spot he told me I was not his wife. I had trusted him. I believed him, and even when he admitted that he so cruelly deceived me, I forgave him. It was not until I was rescued from the sea and learned that he had taken the life of my poor brother, to whom my search was confided, that all my love was changed to a hope for revenge. Then the hatred, that he has memory yet, though I trust God will forgive him for all the great wrongs he has done me."

Her companion, who had been standing silently at her side, said:

"Grace Mortimer, our lives have been strangely mingled. I have known for the last five years that you were one of the best and purest women that ever lived. From the moment that I took you from the sea, with the dark green sea-weeds in your hair, I was strangely impressed with you. The mystery, the strange romance, was not enough to charm a man like Newton Blanton. It was your sad, sweet face. When I heard your artistic story and knew how you had suffered I resolved to aid you.

"Pity is akin to love. My pity grew stronger, but my love overleaped even pity. Oh, I love you, Grace. I know your life—you know mine. Don't consider me rich. What is riches without happiness? Consent to be mine, and in yonder little chapel in the fishermans' village you shall become my wife."

She hesitated a moment and then sobbed:

"Your mother?"

"Mother will sanction anything that will make her son happier."

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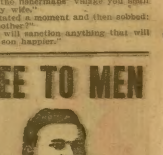
Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write for them. The discovery has been called so many men who had failed after years of doctoring and had given up suffering as hopeless found that this method of cure. Thousands of free trial packages are to be sent out, and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or constriction of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly gratefull effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development at once where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and does not stop until a perfect cure is made. A request to the State Medical Institute, No. 1264 Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its contents need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

FREE TO MEN



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

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she raises her face all radiant, but in tears, to his, and gasped:

"Oh, Newton, can you take me knowing the awful secret?"

"It will only make you ten times more dear to me!" he answered. "Will you, can you love me?"

"Love you! I have learned to adore you! But this I—I never could have hoped for!"

He clasped her in his arms, and peace, and the beginning of a new, beautiful life was born to them.

(The end.)

THE PROCTOR.

Bolker, during his four years at college, never made a friend. To him neighbor in a lecture meant either nuisance, if fidgety and inclined to talk, or object of indifference, if quiet and taciturn; snob, if well dressed; simpleton, if like himself, shabby. In those four years of toil Bolker never committed the conventional college sins of drinking, smoking or loafing. Instead, he spent his time on mathematics, now conquering his infinite patience, how long it takes (disallowing friction) for a drop of water to flow from the north pole to the equator, and now mastering the eccentricities of parabolas and other devilish curves. His mathematics stamped themselves on his appearance, his habits and his character. The part in his black hair was the perfection of straightness; just as regular as second-class twelve minutes each day, so regularly he regaled himself at Foxcroft. As for work, he was invariably ready three days before the required time. Bolker graduated finally with a summa cum (highest honors in mathematics), an abnormally developed character and a vague laughing. This last he proved conclusively to himself was for a continuance of his studies, and on leaving a fellowship at Yale he pleaded successfully to the regent for a professorship.

The effect fell found him ensconced in offices heartily trusting he should never have to answer them. While boarding in his new quarters, on the day before college opened, with a modest, unassuming thought he was startled by a loud, "Oh, excuse me—but will you lend me the—the?" from a well-dressed lad, standing at the door.

"Certainly, yes; come in," stammered the precise Bolker.

"Thanks, awfully," said the visitor. "I didn't want a stranger to know you know. I'm your neighbor, and I thought we might as well meet. I'm a freshman, my name's Watson."

Strangely, the proctor was not bored; indeed, he was glad. Then, as he said, he thrust out his hand timidly, "is Bolker." The inquisitive Watson at once heartily.

"What a jolly room you have"—it was in reality almost bare—"I suppose you're a senior?"

"No; I'm a graduate this year."

"That is dignified! What an age it must seem since you came. But I see you're busy now, so I won't be, no, no, in such a hurry, though, I'll sit around and talk all day, if you'd let me. Well, so long. Come and see me. Fifteen, right south door;" and out he strode, whistling.

Bolker heard scarcely anything as toward his collarbone. He had not mentioned that he was a proctor, and never feared the science knowing it, would determine back, and he would run him back to Foxcroft as often.

His wish was gratified. That very night Watson dropped in, now without excuse. He spoke of the strangeness of the place, of how naughty he was to leave one for a day, as though no one would care if you lived or died; how it was all quite different from home (home being in Dayton, Ohio, and very far away). Then Bolker surprised himself by playing the comforter.

"Must you be off?" he said, sincerely sorry, with the fear that he might lose to go.

"Yes, I want to start in well and not lag early. It tremendously helps, you know, if it's late?"

"By Jove! I had no idea it was so late. Half past ten! I'll have to stop that fellow playing his piano so there."

"Why, you don't mean to—to you?"

"No—but you see—I'm proctor in the building."

"You?" the lad laughed. "Why, you've just graduated. You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, I really am the proctor."

"Oh, what a cinch I've got," chuckled the boy, consolingly, "I'll study all night, and—that is, I mean sir!"

The conversation annoyed Bolker vaguely. What if ever as proctor he should have to "—nonsense! His fears were groundless. The fact he was proctor did not in the at least hamper the acquaintance from ripening, in went on to friendship. The freshman was young and liked the proctor's quiet reserve, his gentleness and Bolker became equally fond of the wild lad toward whom his solitary heart turned with a tenderness almost fatherly.

One night there came from Watson's room more noise than was usual. It began early, and prolonged itself indefinitely. The proctor went to bed disgusted. The noise continued; it became intolerable. Jumping into his slippers (which were always, too, neat, generally at right angles to the bed), Bolker rapped at the door. For an instant the noise ceased; then the proctor heard from within, "Let me go. I'm all right. I tell you," and an answer, "Now up, get in there quick; I'll go." In the voice of Watson, who thereupon, looking extremely silly, appeared at the door.

"Won't you please stop the noise?" deferred Bolker. "I can't sleep if you don't."

"Were we making a noise? Really, I—" "It doesn't matter at all," he hurried to stop. Good night."

"Good night, sir." The door slammed with a scuffle and a blended chorus of "You old liar—oh, eh—give me that—whoop!"

Bolker stepped into bed, very miserable. He hated to do it. Out in the hall he heard another scuffle, mournful reproaches, blasphemous diatribes against all proctors and reluctant good nights. But it was long, despite the succeeding quiet, before he slept.

Next morning Watson appeared for an instant to iterate his regrets. "Just a beer night, you know—my eighteenth birthday. It won't happen again, I assure you. Tu-tu."

During the next week Bolker was wretched because his neighbor did not appear. Doubtless he was angry. To have stopped his birthday party was—but one's duty! Rot! One's duty was to have waited at least a while longer.

As a matter of fact, Watson, as Bolker should have known, was too busy for visiting in that week before the midyears. To keep off probation would be a hard struggle. He had determined accordingly to work hard, and did, so that he scraped through tuglierously.

One day after the troublous times were over the proctor was disturbed in his work by a wel-known knock at the door, and in answer to his "Come in," Watson appeared all breathless. "I say, my folks are in the next room. They surprised me, and I want you to meet them, please."

"I'd like to," replied Bolker, nervously, "but—but I'm busy, that is—"

"Oh, rot! Work! There's no one but mother and sister. I've told 'em so much about you that they want to meet you, and when they insist you might as well give in right off; it saves time. They'll be fussified if you don't. Come on; there's a good fellow."

Bolker had never before met any one's people, and didn't know quite how to do it. But he was glad to be asked, though that he at length consented.

But he found Mrs. Watson much like her son, and a brief talk with her made him forget his hands and feet. Later, to Miss Watson he was talking as easily as a child, looking after her brother, and to her interested queries about his work, and in ignorance of all things academic, Bolker found himself explaining with more freedom than he had ever dreamed of. The girl had all the undeserved frankness of her brother, augmented by a certain, indefinable, subtle grace, that quite captivated him.

At last the time for leaving came the climax; they asked him to dine. And when he perforce declined, they peremptorily refused his arguments; he was no stranger; they had secured a table for 6 o'clock; he had been so good to Fred. In short, he accepted.

At the end of a week Watson's people took rooms in Cambridge. "Mother likes the place better than the hotel," explained the boy. "I'm the chief attraction, and they want to be near me. Oh—and they want you to call often. His father wrote me about the right sort," Bolker flushed. "That's what I am, you know."

And he did call often; the girl was wonderfully attractive, and during the two months' stay, she and her mother left, Bolker, for the first time in his college career, felt lonesome.

Worst of all, the April examinations put poor Watson in danger of failure. He knew he won't have me come back if I don't make my course. Nothing at all, I couldn't help it. It takes me such a time to get started, the beginning of the term, and then I begin. Looks pretty serious, eh? But I'll manage somehow, I guess."

He did manage, and the first four finals, despite the innumerable seminars and increased quizzing that appeared, he made very badly. That was sure.

Then happened that to the fateful room, where he was to take his last, an examination in English, Bolker was proctor. "Good luck, dear boy," he said, as Watson gripped him a time book. Then he settled into the newspaper, thinking, as all, I couldn't help it, it takes me such a time to get started, the beginning of the term, and then I begin. Looks pretty serious, eh? But I'll manage somehow, I guess."

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A Natural Query.

Johnnie—Pa-a-a! what eleven is he on?

The Scriptural Injunction.

Teacher (after ten minutes' talk on the subject)—Now, Johnny, when you are struck upon the right cheek, what do you do?

Johnny—Turn de left one, mister, and when de duffer reaches, give him a uppercut dat will put him to sleep. See?

The Fodderless.

Askit—Too bad that General Buller can't get feed for his mules, in addition to his other misfortunes.

Tellit—Yes, that makes an orphan of him.

Askit—How so?

Tellit—Well, he's both Moddderless and fodderless now, isn't he?

Couldn't Blame Them.

"When I stand on the stage I see nothing, and am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely."

"Well, I can't blame the audience much for that!"

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I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the pains. It cures 9 cases out of 10 of the various diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhea, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc., or the pain from any cause or either sex. I will gladly mail a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. S. HILLIS, Box 168, Kokomo, Ind.

A Record Holder.

"I take it," said the tourist, "that this is a strictly agricultural county."

"Yes, indeed," replied the local statistician. "I figure that our people have bought more gold bricks per capita than the people of any other county in the state."

A Shrewd Girl.

Ella—You must have been up late last night; there are rings around your eyes.

Stella—Well, they are engagement rings; I sat up with Fred until he proposed.

Ferdinand—Seen much of Miss Tinkle lately?

Flossie—Not since the bathing season.

Just One Experience.

"This beautiful pipe was given me for Christmas," said the grave-looking man to the department store clerk, "I believe it was purchased here. May I exchange it for a badly needed pair of shoes?"

She Knew Him.

"Don't talk about turning over a new leaf," she said. "You've done that before, and it doesn't fill the bill. The only salvation for you, John, is to cut down and turn over the whole tree, and split it into kindling wood!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

He Appeals to his Record.

Isaac—Vot? Dey won't gif me sixty days' credit?

Young Isaacs—No, dey say dot you failed only dree months ago.

Isaacs—Vell, did dey efer know me to fail twice inside of six months?

A Damon and Pythias Affair.

"Talk about true friendship," said the man who is just getting over the grip; "there's Smith. I've known him for over thirty years and he's the only person of my acquaintance who never suggested an unfailing remedy."

It All Depended.

Moses, Jr.—Fader, a shentleman in the shop vants to know if that all-wool non-shrinkable shirt will shrink?

Moses, Sr.—Does it fit him?

Moses, Jr.—No; id is too big.

Moses, Sr.—Yah; id vill shrink.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. Org. It is the great original and only secret society. Grips, passwords, badges, secret of age, 10 cent grand rally, paraphernalia, secret constitution, membership, fancy initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can join them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE EVAN, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Somewhat Musical.

McJigger—He's from Chicago, you know. Thingumbob—I thought he was.

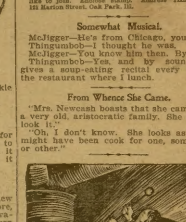
McJigger—You know him then. By sight?

Thingumbob—Yes, and by sound. He gives a soup-eating recital every day at the restaurant where I lunch.

From Whence She Came.

"Mrs. Newcash boasts that she came from a very old, aristocratic family. She doesn't look it."

"Oh, I don't know. She looks as if she might have been cook for one, some time or other."



A GAME OF POKER IN THE BASEMENT.

HOLDING THEM UP.

"He kept his hands in his trousers' pockets all the evening."

"Yes, and Mary told me she found two suspender buttons on the floor this morning."

"AN EGG PUNCH."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Downtown—Here comes Jackson. He's got a new baby and he'll talk us to death.

Uptown—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other and leave them to their fate.

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Bronxborough—Your cook left you rather suddenly, didn't she?

Mrs. Richmond—Yes. Her best beau wanted to borrow my husband's dress suit, and when my husband refused the cook left.

Cause for Worry.

"I'm always worried when Henry begins saving string."

"Why?"

"It makes me think he has been doing something extravagant in business."

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THE ARLINGTON CO., 154 W. Jackson St., CHICAGO.

Not Worth Solving.

She—You are a conundrum.

He—Indeed!

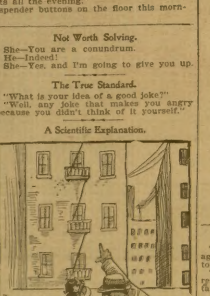
She—Yes, and I'm going to give you up.

The True Standard.

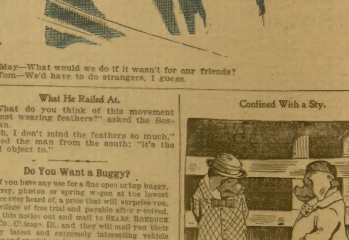
"What is your idea of a good joke?"

"Well, any joke that makes you angry because you didn't think of it yourself."

A Scientific Explanation.



John Green—That, 'Mandy, is a fire escape. I don't know ez I kin explain how dy' fire escapes down the dingdi thing, but s'pose it works on th' principle uv a lightnin'-rod.



May—What would we do if it wasn't for our friends?

Tom—We'd have to do strangers, I guess.

What He Railed At.

"What do you think of this movement against wearing feathers?" asked the Bostonian.

"Oh, I don't mind the feathers so much," replied the man from the south; "it's the hat I object to."

Do You Want a Buggy?

If you have any use for a fine open or top buggy, surrey, phaeton or spring wagon at the lowest price ever heard of, a price that will surprise you, privilege of free trial and payable after received, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill., and they will mail you their very latest and extremely interesting vehicle offer and special catalogue.

A Biblical Reason.

Jeweler—Why do you refer to watch cases without movements as faith?

Plain Clerk—Well, you see, they don't amount to very much without good works.

On Listening Terms.

"Are you on speaking terms with Mr. Chatterbox?"

"No; merely on listening terms."

Confined With a Sty.

"Where's Porkey? I don't see him any more."

"Oh, he's confined at home with a sty, and I don't think he'll get over it."

Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STORYETTES.

A Woman's Insistence.

Two pretty young women entered a large grocery one evening. From their conversation it was evident that they belonged to some boarding school in the neighborhood and had stolen out for a few moments to buy dainties which they meant to smuggle to their rooms.

"There's one thing I don't like about the clerks in this store," said one of them, while they waited for the salesman, "and that's the way they insist on telling you that you don't want what you do want and that you do want what you don't want. Every time I come in here I have the same experience, and I'm just tired of it. The next time it happens I'm going to tell the clerk just what I think of him."

At that moment a clerk approached and asked the young women what they wanted. The one who had so much to complain about pointed at one of a row of cracker tins and said:

"I want a pound of those."

"Oh, no, you don't," said the clerk, suavely, "you want some of these, or these here; they're all very nice."

The young woman threw a glance which said, "What did I tell you?" at her companion, and turning to the clerk, said, coldly:

"No; I don't want anything of the kind. I want those and no other."

"I beg your pardon," he began, "I thought you—"

"Never mind what you thought," said the young woman. "I guess I know what I want. Now just let me have a pound of those, please," and she turned to her companion with a look of triumph on her face which plainly meant:

"Didn't I squelch him!"

"Very well, madam," said the clerk, humbly, "but may I inquire whether they are for yourself?"

"Well, of all the impertinent questions," began the young woman, when her companion interrupted, and turning to the clerk, said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because they're dog biscuit," replied the clerk, indifferently. "Still, of course, if you want them you can have them."

"Never mind," faltered the young woman, who had insisted on having what she wanted. "I guess I don't want anything at all," and she strutted out of the store looking very much ashamed, followed by her companion, who was struggling to hide her laughter.

The clerk didn't say anything, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he banged the cover down on the can of dog biscuit and walked away to wait on another customer.

Didn't Like Soup.

Once, as a lieutenant-colonel, indignant at the wholesale waste of excellent soup bones, I ordered the master cook to insure, under pain of my displeasure, that large cauldrons filled with the otherwise unutilized materials should be kept simmering for my inspection three times a week. To this he was to add peanuts, seasoning and so forth, at the cost of a few pence, not charged to the men; and as a guarantee of obedience he was habituated to send in to my orderly room, just before the men's dinners, a specimen of his brew. Respectful remonstrances came from cooks and sergeants, to which I blandly replied:

"Yes, I understand your objections; but the soup shall be made."

After a week's trial spokesmen from the messes addressed to me further and urgent complaints, always with the utmost respect.

"We don't like this here soup, sir; nasty, thick, greasy, poor stuff, with nothing to feel between the teeth; we do not like to see it before us on the table."

"But you do not pay one farthing for it," I pointed out to the spokesman. "You need not consume this gratuitous food if you do not like it, and you are not deprived of one ounce of your ration meat. My instructions must be carried out, and kettles of soup must be placed in the rooms until further orders.

They retired, silenced, but unconvinced.

About three weeks later I ascertained the further development of my innovation. For a few days the soup had continued to be eyed with anger, and, untasted to be relegated to the gutter. Then by degrees one or two of the men thought they might as well swallow a little of the savory food. Their example was soon followed and finally it was generally hailed as a delicious addition to their meal.

One Conundrum.

They had started a Conundrum club, and every one was expected to come prepared with a number of good ones.

"I've got one," Anderson said.

"What is it?" queried the rest.

"When is an apple pie?" He stopped, and every one looked at him, but said nothing.

"Well," asked a man across the room, "go on. What did you stop there for?"

"Go on? Where? What for?" he asked. "Why, go on with your conundrum. When is an apple pie what?"

"That's what I said," he replied.

"Well, we know, but what is the conundrum?"

"When is an apple pie?"

"There isn't any sense in that," put in another fellow. "What's the rest of it?"

"There isn't any rest," persisted Anderson. "When is an apple pie?"

"When is an apple pie what?" yelled the others.

"Who said any apple pie what?"

"You did."

"I didn't. I didn't say anything about an apple pie."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You did,"

"I didn't."

And then the whole assembly sat on Anderson, and when the police came in and rescued him it took half an hour to explain that an apple was pie when it was closed up with sugar and crust and things, like the orchard up the club, though, and the conundrum's usefulness is that far established.

Spooner's Mistake.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Spooner, when you say I am the best girl in the world?" asked Miss Flypp, after the young man had suggested that she should become Mrs. Spooner.

"Indeed, I do, Miss Flypp," asserted the young man. "I say it again—you are the best girl in the world."

"And the loveliest, I think you said?"

"The loveliest, without doubt."

"I think you said something about my accomplishments, too?"

"I did. I said they excelled those of any other girl."

"I believe you called me sweet?"

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,'" quoted the ardent lover.

"You used the word 'perect,' too, did you not?"

"I did. I also pronounced you the pink of perfection, propriety and modesty, the empress of my heart, the peerless one among the beauteous creatures of your sex, a maiden adorable, enchanting, and worthy of the hand of the best man on earth. Say the word that will make me the happiest man on earth, my own Dora."

"Before I give you an answer, Mr. Spooner, I should like to ask you one question."

"A dozen, if you like."

"One will be enough. Don't you think that you have a great deal of assurance to expect a woman with all these excellent qualities to marry such an ordinary man as you?"

Then Mr. Spooner went home.

Wedded to Realism.

"See here," said the stage manager, "your manuscript calls for a different servant girl in each act. That means three salaries where one would be sufficient. Why not have one servant girl?"

"My dear fellow," replied the playwright, 'you forget that I am a realist. Two weeks are supposed to elapse between each act."

IN CHICAGO.

Mrs. Stayer—There's Miss Wayup. I understand that when in London she was presented at court.

Stayer—Poor thing; I hope she was acquitted.

AGENTS WANTED

STARK TREES Sold by test—74 Years. We PAY CASH WEEKLY and want more salesmen. STARK TREES Fruits the STARK NURSERY, Stark, Mo

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PLEASE PAYS EXPENSES and per month. Steady position; self-self $75 for; no experience needed. Just to be honest. Please Mrs. Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., Dept. C.

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SALESMEN WANTED. SALARY $75 per month and expenses. To sell to wholesale and retail trade. Position permanent. Previous experience not essential. Reference required. Dexter Mfg. Co., Box 306, Mishawaka, Ind.

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AGENTS—LEWIS' Harness MARVELOUS INVENTION.

Sells on sight. Every horse owner buys. Sells 3 to one tool; every horse owner buys. Sells three-fourths of the time. Agents selling one to five daily. Big profits. One offer sent free to workers. Write for terms and full particulars. Address LEWIS HARNESS CO., ELKHART, IND.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will teach you how to work Richly, absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you can learn in your spare moments or all the time; we explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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$1000 YEARLY SALARY PAYABLE WEEKLY WITH EXPENSES

MEN or WOMEN to represent us in their own section. Your duties to take charge of exhibitors and attend to introducing our Perfect Dandruff Cure. Salary $1000 per year and all expenses paid. No canvassing. Enclose stamp for reply. Address, Manager, 1440 Broadway, NEW YORK.

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$1,000 SALARY PER YEAR! Ladies or Gentlemen to have charge of our business in every county, we now need one in your section. Salary $1000 per year and all expenses paid, to the right party. He is mainly office work conducted at your home. Spare time only. Enclose stamp for full particulars. No investment required. Reference. Address, Manager, 1440 Broadway, NEW YORK. Please mention this paper. Enclose stamp for reply. Address envelope to PROVIDENCE CO., 119 Custom House, CHICAGO.

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GET BIG MAIL. Would you like to get a list of ten thousand names of persons who are subscribers to mail order publications? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesale and retail dealers are mail order users for the purpose of sending circulars, advertising matter, price lists, etc. Now we have a list of ten thousand names of persons who are subscribers to mail order publications. Every list embracing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. To send these names to you by express we charge you $1.00 for each thousand names ordered. Or we will send you five thousand names for $4.00. Or we will send you ten thousand names for $7.00. Or we will send you twenty thousand names for $13.00. Or we will send you fifty thousand names for $30.00. Write your name very plainly on the printer, or we will make a mistake. Be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written to avoid mistakes. Cash must accompany all orders. Do not send stamps. Send money by express or postoffice money order. Address, Mail Order Publishing Co., 1440 Broadway, NEW YORK. Please mention this paper. Enclose stamp for reply. Address envelope to MAIL ORDER PUBLISHING CO., 119 Custom House, CHICAGO.

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WANTED AMBITIOUS PERSON FOR EASY HOME work; part or all time. Handsome income assured. INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE, Dept. L. L. St., CHICAGO.

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OUR SPECIAL 90-DAY OFFER, which is apart from the above. Send us your name and address (no money) as we will send you as watch, postpaid; sell them at 25 cts. each, and return us the money, and we will mail to your address the Beautiful Gold Plated 7 Inch CHAIN AND CHARM, and a Handsome Gold Plated Ring. ELECTRICAL WICK CO., Dept. 7, Orange, N. J.

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Shrewd, reliable man, young or middle-aged, wanted in every county for legitimate detective work; under instruction of the world's largest Secret Service System. Work outdoors or part of time; watching, securing evidence, finding missing persons, collecting, etc. Previous experience unnecessary. Good salary to start; expenses paid. Your examination closely observed. A profitable position to those who qualify. Address, Superintendent, Box 458, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

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THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Mr. William Rockefeller is a large owner of Standard Oil stock. It pays him princely dividends. He does not really need the extra gains which come to him through whatever government funds may be deposited in the National City bank, of which he is a director. Nevertheless, the deposits of government moneys in that bank rose in course of time from $200,000 to $24,000,000, thus adding to Mr. Rockefeller's bank dividends. If there must be a "pet bank," why must it be a Standard Oil bank?

A man was arrested in New York for tickling his wife so she went into hysterics. It seems pretty tough to send a man to jail for being cheerful. There is evidently no room for the humorist husband in New York. When that wife gets through laughing she will be sorry to see her hilarious husband peeking through the bars. Even a Mormon wife wouldn't be as mean as that.

The ice in the Missouri river, near Sioux Falls, according to the newspapers, exploded, "blowing large blocks forty feet high in the air." No cause for the explosion has been assigned, but perhaps "the old Missourey" decided that it had to do something to keep the Chicago river from receiving all the advertising.

A new species of office boy has appeared in Galesburg. A hole in his trousers was noted the other day and he was asked as to its origin. "Oh," he replied, somewhat unconcernedly, "I got that sliding down the elevator rope. It's too slow to wait for the car."

It has been discovered that a sixteen-year-old New Jersey girl has three husbands and her parents say they do not know what to do to break her of the marrying habit. Has her mother's good right hand lost its cunning?

A new fad has developed in Philadelphia of fasting sick persons to health. If fasting makes health, some energetic summer resort hotel man should advertise his principal inducement and cater to invalids.

An up-to-date undertaking firm of Detroit recently purchased two whole sections in a new cemetery laid out near the city and is advertising free graves for the defunct relatives of all people who patronize it.

It would be just like the trust to sock another cent a pound on the price of paper while Reverend Mr. Sheldon is demonstrating what a good world this might be.

GEORGE WARNER'S CRIME.

BY FRANK HONEYWELL.

George Warner was a university graduate, with the reputation of being a brilliant fellow; but he had a passion for gambling, which he indulged as secretly as possible. Until about a month before his graduation he had fully intended to enter a law office, as soon as he finished his college work, but now he was nursing feelings of bitter disappointment because of the failure of far different plans.

By a course of special study, George had finished his work at the university in the middle of the winter, and about the same time made arrangements for going with a gold-hunting party to Alaska; but his uncle, who had long since taken the place of a father to George, had refused him the money he asked for.

But we have not made the most alarming feature of George's trouble clear. His uncle knew nothing of the disreputable side of his nephew's life; so, when creditors gave the young gambler three months' time in which to pay debts amounting to over a thousand dollars, or be exposed in his home, George feared that the result would amount to his own disinheritance. He did not ask his uncle for money, because he needed it to pay the expenses of his trip, though he claimed that was what he wanted it for; those expenses were to be borne by certain men on condition of their receiving a share in the finds. The young man wanted money to pay his debts, and when he found his plans blocked and danger of exposure near at hand, his bitterness knew no bounds.

You will probably understand by this time that young Warner was an orphan with no fortune of his own. He and his sister, Evelyn, were wards of their uncle, James Harcourt, minister and a man of letters. If Mr. Harcourt was a minister of the gospel and at the same time a wealthy man, his position is by no means unworthy of defense, for few people ever lived who knew how to use money so unselfishly and wisely as he. As a poet and essayist, he was well paid; as a minister, he refused all remuneration.

And yet George Warner nursed feelings of the deepest hatred toward this good man. But if he could be a murderer at heart, he could also conceal his feelings. Mr. Harcourt little suspected his nephew's evil bitterness of heart, and affairs went on for a short time as if nothing were the matter.

In February Evelyn was married. The marriage was a private affair, only relatives of the family and a few particular friends being invited; but as the ceremony has no direct bearing on our story we will not go into detail concerning it.

After the sacred knot was tied, the company took their seats for supper. George sat to the right of his uncle, and affected toward him a due appearance of filial regard and affection, and talked in as pleasant a manner as if he were as contented and happy as the bridegroom himself. Shortly after the second course had been served, George made a witty and happy remark that called attention to a lady at the other end of the table, and while all eyes were thus momentarily diverted from himself, this uncrowned king of villains stealthily dropped something into his uncle's cup.

Not long after supper Mr. Harcourt complained of not feeling well, and excusing himself, retired. His niece wanted to send for a doctor at once, but he objected, saying that it was nothing serious; rest being all that he needed to refresh him.

Next morning James Harcourt was found dead in his bed.

* * * * *

A month went by and people had almost ceased talking about Mr. Harcourt's very sudden death. The doctors were puzzled at first, but at last came to the fatuitous agreement that the cause must have been heart failure. This was very surprising, too, as it had never been known that the minister was affected with any such trouble. At any rate, the matter seemed to be dropped.

Most of the property of the deceased had been willed to George and his sister. There was little difficulty in settling the affairs of the estate, and the property was soon turned over to the heirs. George was now beginning to feel a sense of security. His gambling debts were paid, and, in a material way, everything was going smoothly.

George received the old home as a part of his share of the estate. True, the house was empty now, but this was small matter to him, since he was master of the place. He made final arrangements about joining the Alaskan expedition and invited several of his college fraternity to visit him before he left. They came and went, but George was a shrewd villain, and things were conducted in an orderly manner. After they had gone he was again alone.

But mental torment is the common reaction of an evil deed, and this is what George now began to feel the effects of. It came one morning with an overwhelming depression of spirits. When he stood before the glass he was startled to see the wild, hollow look in his eyes. Then he remembered that he had not slept well during the night and there came to his mind the shadowy recollection of fearful dreams that had troubled his sleep. He did everything in his power during the day to rid himself of the terrible feeling that had haunted him; but by evening he had succeeded only in tiring himself out physically while his mental state was even worse. He went to bed at ten o'clock, but did not sleep till twelve. He passed the night in one continuous sweat. His sleep was full of frightful dreams, all of which had some bearing on his crime. He saw his uncle, white and emaciated, enter the room; and sitting down by the center table, the dead man stared at him for a long time. Then, at last, turning his eyes away, the visitor busied himself for a few minutes with writing on a tablet that lay on the table; and after he had finished, he arose and slowly left the room.

The first thing that George did in the morning was to go straight to the table to examine the tablet lying upon it. There was a mysterious power that impelled him to do this, and the result was shocking; for there, written in the full round hand of his uncle and signed with that person's name, was a short poem, whose contents, a broken-hearted appeal to the murderer, seemed to him to be but a reproduction, in different form, of the sad, reproachful look he had seen on his uncle's face in the night just passed.

George read, and when he had finished, stood trembling like a leaf. After all, his vision had not been a dream; his uncle had really entered the room, and started at him and written the poem.

The following night, and the next, and the next, and so on, were but repetitions of his experiences on that first terrible night. There was the same appearance of his uncle, and each morning he found some new verses which, after reading, he invariably destroyed. He slept in every bed room in the house, but the changes made no difference. One night he thought he would give the affair a final test; so he slept in a room where there was not a table nor a chair nor a piece of paper for the specter to use, but all to no avail; in the dead hours of the night he saw his uncle enter, dragging after him a table and a chair. In the morning the table was in the room, and near it was the chair, and on the table the wretched man found a new poem written on a loose sheet of paper.

* * * * *

George's sister was living in Chicago, where her husband was engaged in business. For various reasons, the chief of which was the death of her uncle, they had decided to put off the wedding trip until summer. The loss of her uncle had been a severe blow to Evelyn, and she had scarcely recovered from the first effects, when she received another blow that brought her very near to death's door and kept her bedridden for many a day. She was one morning busied with some fancy decorations in her parlor, when she saw the postman stop at her door and hastened to receive the mail. It was a letter from George, and she returned to the parlor to read it. She broke the seal and read a ways, paled, read farther, then stopped suddenly, and with a scream, fell fainting to the floor. The letter was a detailed confession of her brother's crime, and there was in places a peculiarly wild phraseology which indicated that he was, at the time of writing, at least partly insane.

Mary, the kitchen girl, heard the scream and hastened into the parlor. In doing full justice to Mary, she may be called nothing more or less than a "freak." She saw the lady lying full ength upon the floor; she saw also the letter near by, and quickly snatching it up, began to read. Her wonder and surprise grew unbounded as she followed the contents. By the time she had finished she saw that her mistress showed signs of coming to, and quickly thrusting the letter into her pocket, she hastened from the room. Hurriedly putting on her wraps, she left the house and took a car for the nearest lawyer's, who happened to be a wily fellow, and laid the case before him. When he had read the letter and knew all that she knew, Mary said:

"I suppose I'll get a pretty nice sum for this, won't I?"

"Certainly, certainly, I don't doubt it in the least," replied the lawyer, glibly; "but promise me for your own sake to keep this matter very still."

"I will."

"Very well; you may call again in about two weeks."

When Mary called again after the two weeks had gone by she was met by a placard on the office door which read as follows: "Room to rent. Apply to—"

It was a long time before Evelyn found out what had become of her letter.

* * * * *

Haggard, worn and weary, George Warner sat one evening in his library, more than a fortnight after his first awful vision. He was tired of such a life and would have put himself out of the way, had not fear laid a restraining hand upon him. Suddenly the door bell rang, and he hastened to the front entrance.

A tall, smooth-shaven man asked for Mr. George Warner and, being told that the man before him was the one he sought, asked for a private interview with him. George led the way back to the library.

A few minutes later George Warner sprang from his chair, amazed at a statement of the stranger. Sweat stood out on his brow, and he clutched wildly at his hair. The visitor smiled.

"It's a lie!" almost screamed George. "I never wrote it! I never did it! Let me see the letter!"

"At a safe distance only. Be careful not to snatch at it, for I have something that's a pretty strong argument in my favor in case of treachery." He produced a revolver.

George read. "It looks genuine enough," he said, deeply puzzled, for he could not understand how the forger, for, of course, it was a forgery, could have learned the details, "but I never wrote it!"

"That'll do to tell," replied the other. "Don't fret, however; your sister didn't betray you, and you can escape if you but fork over the tin."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand!"

"I'll turn this place over to you; it's worth fifteen, but I can't wait to sell it. The rest of the property I can turn into cash more easily. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly. We will finish our business tomorrow. I will call at ten o'clock in the morning. You will have your witnesses ready and I will bring a lawyer. I will pretend to pay you by making an order on a Chicago bank, in which I have no credit, and will turn the letter over to you. Good night."

A few days later George boarded a west-bound train for Seattle, and in two months was deep in the gold-fields of Alaska.

* * * * *

Murder? Yes, George had shot a man. They were partners and quarreled, and George pulled the fatal trigger. A trial of the pioneer type was held and the murderer was sentenced to be hanged. He stood under guard in the center of the crowd of men and saw chill death staring him in the face. The judge asked him if he had anything to say or request to make before he died.

"Yes," said George; "I have a sister and I want to write to her. I have a good deal to say, but am swift with the pen."

"You may write," said the judge.

George wrote. His letter shower either consummate skill or a wonderul inspiration. Sheet after sheet was filled until they constituted perhaps one of the longest letters ever written at a single sitting. The miners, not any of them by any means without culture, stood by filled with wonder to see his pen race over the paper. No one present had ever seen the like before.

"That letter which you received from me, Eva," he wrote, "I must have written in a spell of temporary insanity, and the verses I must have composed in my sleep. It took me a good while to come to this conclusion but I now feel that it is true. I wish I had some of those poems to send to you, Eva; they were beautiful, if I did write them, and I am a good judge. . . . .

"Why I have led such a life, Eva, I cannot say. I shan't attempt to explain, for if there is any excuse it is beyond my power to formulate it. . . . Am I sorry for what I have done? Really, I don't know. I am very cool now. This northern atmosphere has wrought wonders for my nerves, and yet I can affirm or explain nothing. . . . . If I have a soul, it is lost. Perhaps if you were here, your prayers might do something for me. You are different from all other girls, the only girl for whom I ever felt a spark of affection. . . . .

"I know this letter is cruel in places. I know it must be, for I am a cruel man. But, Eva, I close with one last request to make of you. If you do not already so thoroughly despise your brother that you want to put all thoughts of him from your mind, when at night you kneel beside your bed, as I always know you to do, please remember now and then one kind word of entreaty to Him in my behalf. It may do wonders toward mitigating my punishment. Your brother, GEORGE."

UNNATURAL HUNGER

A Sure Sign of Hidden Dyspepsia.

"It was necessary to eat dinner at 11 o'clock," says Mrs. C. F. Ollman, 1121 Preston St., Rockford, Ill., "in order to have strength to prepare the noonday meal for the family.

"While I was drinking coffee I felt so faint at 11 o'clock that I was unable to proceed with the work unless I had lunch. If I missed the 11 o'clock meal, I was attacked with a severe sick headache.

"My complexion at that time was a sight, great blotches appearing on my face, and I was so nervous I could sleep but a few minutes at a time, and would wake in the morning more tired than when I went to bed.

"Our grocer called my attention one day to Postum Cereal Coffee. This was about three years ago. I immediately quit the use of coffee and took up Postum having it prepared properly. The change produced a remarkable result. In a week or two I was able to leave off the 11 o'clock lunch and take my dinner in the regular way with the rest of the family. My blotchy complexion disappeared and a natural complexion took its place. Now I can go from morning until night without a meal, if I desire, and no headache or inconvenience of any kind appears. I sleep sound as a baby, and my kidney trouble, which was more than serious, has entirely disappeared.

"A lady friend was recommended to try Postum, and a short time after, told me she was disgusted with it for it had no taste. I asked her if she boiled it carefully fifteen minutes after the real bubbling commenced. She said no, and in reply to another question, said she used only one heaping teaspoonful to the cup. I explained to her that she must use two heaping teaspoons to the cup and let it boil long enough. The next time I saw her she said she used Postum regularly and liked it very much indeed, and that it had made a great change in her health and the health of one or two members of her family."

It seems plain, from this experiment, that one is justified in the inference that coffee is an actual poison to many human beings and sets up all sorts of diseases. The remedy is plain enough—to abandon the coffee and use Postum Food Coffee, which is sold by all grocers at 15 and 25 cents a package.

Nickel-Steel for Boilers.

The results of recent experiments by Mr. F. A. Yarrow go to show that nickel-steel, which has proved so valuable for the armor of ships, is also an excellent material for boilers. The resistance of nickel-steel to the action of fire, of hydrochloric acid and of superheated steam, is far greater than is that of the mild steel of which boilers are ordinarily constructed. Mr. Yarrow estimates that a boiler furnished with nickel-steel tubes would last two or three times as long as an ordinary boiler. There would also be a saving in weight, but the cost would be increased.

His Face Value.

Fond Wife—I am sorry Adolphus did not shave the morning he so mysteriously disappeared.

Mamma—Why, my dear?

Fond Wife—He would certainly be recognized by the accompanying cuts.

A Note From the Editor.

Yes, Beatrice, of your poem
We will tell you, since you ask it:
It is here, and now reposes
In a pretty wicker basket.

A LITTLE COMEDY.

It was a gala night at the little uptown theater, and all Harvard had turned out in honor of the annual benefit of Nellie Ward, the reigning idol of the town, the dainties lauching blonde that ever graced the boards. The boxes rained flowers, and enthusiasm was at its height. During a temporary lull in the performance Robert Winthrop found his way behind the scenes and secured a darling tete-a-tete with the heroine of the hour. The girl was flushed and radiant, her rare loveliness heightened by the unwonted excitement of the occasion; yet there was a steady flash in her eye as he regarded her.

"Nell, was the promise you made me one day a myth or an honest pledge for the future?" On such a night as this I doubt and wonder was I dreaming."

"Robert Winthrop"—and for an instant the laughing blue eyes lightened with anger —"do you begrudge me my little hour of triumph? I have toiled it, believe me, and what is more fleeting than fame such as this? Or is it a simple matter of jealousy?"

"Nell, I am in earnest. Matters are coming to a climax at home, and it is only a question of time when I break away from family authority. Though I forfeit a fortune, I will be my own master, and for your dear sake what sacrifice would I not make? Child of all, I must know your mind."

"You may know it and welcome," and she turned on him in a spirited fashion. "Once for all, do not come to open rupture with your family on my account. I will remain no home unwelcomed."

"Will your promise?" bitterly. "Ah, Nell—I might have known the end of it all—dreams and delusion!"

"I did not promise to marry you under the rose, and on no account will I embroil you with your family."

"Yet you have led me on from day to day with false hope and utter prevarication."

"Rob, Rob"—and she laid her little hand on his arm for an instant—"Are you seeking a quarrel when I am so happy? Wait, wait—and time will untangle the coil. Summer is coming, go on a yachting trip with some friends, and forget it all."

"Forget," impetuously. "Nell, you have never known love, if you could suggest such a thing."

"No?" and a strange smile flitted across her flushed face, then at a burst of music from the orchestra she pushed him from her and into the stage, with a laughing "good night," and a moment later he heard the storm of applause that greeted her entrance.

But his box remained vacant for the rest of the evening.

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"Strange, child, how I have given my confidence more than you seem to me this summer, but my heart was full, and you are sympathetic beyond any one I have ever known. Lucie, will you ever outlive this mad infatuation? I know well that opposition is a most unfortunate thing to offer, but I could not countenance a mistake of that sort. An actress"—in accents of horror—"conceive of it, my dear; never has a Winthrop so far descended in the social scale."

"Have you ever seen the girl?" falteringly.

"Never. I do not frequent theaters. Robert has strange Bohemian tastes, and they have led him into dangerous ways. No doubt she is a siren, as they all are."

"Dear madam, you should not condemn the poor girl unheard. She probably plays for a livelihood. We can not all be born to the purple of wealth."

"Lucie, you mistake; it is not that. Were she merely poor as you, my child, I should not feel the shame, but an actress—"

"An actress may have a heart."

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At the earliest opportunity Lucie had passed into the house, leaving mother and son alone. But later on, when Mrs. Winthrop had retired for the night, she stepped out for a moment in search of a missing shawl, caught the glow of a cigar in the dusk, hesitated, and then yielded to the situation.

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"Rush, Robert," beseechingly. "You will betray all."

"I will, indeed; where have you been hiding away all summer? I sought for you vainly in the city, and now—"

"Robert, I have been here in your home for the last two months—your mother's companion."

"A companion—you!—scornfully. "What would the world say? It shall not last an other day."

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Still the pleading voice went on, while the lover—a face flushed and paled, and Mrs. Winthrop hardened to sternness as the truth was borne in upon her.

"I acted upon impulse when first I came to you. I said I will know and win the mother of the man I love. She will not come to me, she will go to her, and then some day, when she has learned to love me for my own sake, I will make my confession. I—I can say no more," her voice broke, and she sank down by her lover's side, hiding her face in her hands.

Silence followed this broken speech and when Mrs. Winthrop spoke again it was in slow, measured tones, that chilled the heart of her hearer.

"You have laid seige to a mother's heart—betrayed her most sacred confidence. You two have conspired against me"—she flamed forth, in the growing fire and resentment, while I have been the willing dupe of your deep designs

"No, no—dear madam," pleadingly. "It was all my doing, and the punishment shall be mine alone.

"Never will I believe in truth or innocence again"—she began, but the girl detected the waver in her voice, caught her hands to her lips and kissed them.

"Mother," softly. "My child, how I have loved you, what hopes I have cherished this summer," and then, yielding to impulse, she put her arms about the kneeling figure and burst into tears.

"I do believe in you, child," she sobbed, "and I forgive the deception that has taught me a much needed lesson.

And the lovers clasped hands in the darkness, with hearts as full to speak.

Her True Character.

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many women in village in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply. "But between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman who looked pretty, and I would have sworn, an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets wild the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to discover her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem! The fact is, I married her."

How Did He Know It?

Stranger Lady—If a pair of eyeglasses should be discovered by any one of your help will you have them dispatched by the next post to me?

Store Clerk—Certainly, miss, in what part of Boston do you reside?

For Special Purposes.

"The
tine snopper.
"Well, not exactly," replied the store
for the xmas gifts.

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Robert can never reconcile himself to the little comedy she is playing without his consent, and threatens at any moment to force the situation.

And poor Nell's conscience has awakened under the kind and affectionate treatment of Mrs. Winthrop. She feels all unworthy of her confidence and love, and each day renders confession the more difficult, till at last she becomes so frightened by the part that she has taken that she seeks refuge in ignominious flight. Then again her courage returns and she resolves to face and throws fear to the winds, charms Robert to a happier mood than he has known for years.

One evening she sits at the piano singing, while mother and son listen from the little balcony and her sweet voice rises and falls and climb upward from the weltering waste of the gray sea.

The girl has a rarely sweet mezzo soprano voice, and it is especially fine in one of it that goes straight to the heart; as she wanders absently from one song to another Mrs. Winthrop whispers:

"What a rare gift of song," she murmured, "Robert, you could not make your choice, it would make my heart glad; you might search the world over and fail to find a lovelier nature."

"Mother," and he caught her hand in an ecstasy of joy, "you read my heart aright."

At that moment Nell stepped out on the balcony. "Neil," he cried, with a joyous ring in his voice. "Mother has given the consent I dared not ask."

"Ah, Robert, you have learned to love her, then?" and there was Nell's dimpling smile.

"Yes, mother, I have loved her long and deeply."

But as she leaned forward to kiss the speechless face was turned from her embrace. "No, no—not yet, dear madam. First hear my confession, and then condemn me if you will."

"Your confession?" in bewilderment.

In vain Robert laid a quieting hand on her arm, imploring her with his glance. "I will speak. I will if I forfeit all by my confession. Dear madam, hear me, I am not the modest, lowly companion whom you have known and loved all summer. I am an impostor, an innocent one, it may be, but an impostor, all the same.

"Hush, my child," in a strange, startled tone. "To me you have been a faithful friend. I am waiting for the secrets of your past."

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"No, no—dear madam," pleadingly. "It was all my doing, and the punishment shall be mine alone.

"Never will I believe in truth or innocence again"—she began, but the girl detected the waver in her voice, caught her hands to her lips and kissed them.

"Mother," softly. "My child, how I have loved you, what hopes I have cherished this summer," and then, yielding to impulse, she put her arms about the kneeling figure and burst into tears.

"I do believe in you, child," she sobbed, "and I forgive the deception that has taught me a much needed lesson.

And the lovers clasped hands in the darkness, with hearts as full to speak.

Her True Character.

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many women in village in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply. "But between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman who looked pretty, and I would have sworn, an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets wild the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to discover her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem! The fact is, I married her."

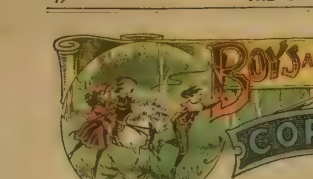
How Did He Know It?

Stranger Lady—If a pair of eyeglasses should be discovered by any one of your help will you have them dispatched by the next post to me?

Store Clerk—Certainly, miss, in what part of Boston do you reside?

For Special Purposes.

"The
tine snopper.
"Well, not exactly," replied the store
for the xmas gifts.



TRACING THE ROBBERS.

A Story of Dick Dart the Young Wall Street Detective---Twenty Million Dollars in Bonds the Prize.

by CAPTAIN RAVILL PINKERTON.

[Copyrighted 1900.]

Begun in No. 7, February 17. Subscriptions can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV---Continued.

Although he had lost his man, Dick Dart was by no means disheartened.

The case was still young.

He dismissed his cab and entering a well-appointed cafe procured a hearty supper.

When he paid his bill he entered into conversation with the clerk, and made several inquiries concerning the resort known as the White Rabbit.

"It's a shady resort, a few blocks east of here," said the clerk. "I can't give you the exact location."

"Who runs it?"

"Barney Noyes, the ex-prize fighter."

"He's a regular bruiser, ain't he?"

"Sure; by him and see," smiled the clerk.

"Thanks, not this eve," laughed Dick Dart.

A little later he paid a hasty visit to a theatrical costumer's establishment.

Here he procured several disguises.

He came out looking quite a Bowery sport.

It was now dark and the Bowery was alive with a gay crowd.

Dick Dart walked over in the direction of the White Rabbit.

It was situated on a side street.

On one side was a tall brick factory, and on the other a narrow alley leading to some tenements.

Before entering the saloon Dick made up his mind to do a little spying around.

He entered the alley.

Back of the saloon was a room in which card playing usually went on.

The window to this room was in an angle of the alley.

Dick crawled up to it and peered inside.

Two men were at a table, drinking and playing cards.

One man looked to be quite respectable.

The other was a regular east side tough.

Suddenly the latter-looking man shoved the cards back.

"I don't want to play any more," he said. "I've had enough."

"What's the matter with you, Higgins?" asked the other.

"I've spent enough over the game, Casey," the tough said yer. Come, put up dat twenty in yer vest pocket."

"I don't care to, I say."

"Ah, you're afraid," sneered the tough.

"Maybe I am---of you," was the sharp reply.

Before another word could be said the tough got up and knocked the other man down.

Then he leaped on him and grabbed him by the throat.

"Let go, Casey!" gasped the man on his back. "What does this mean?"

It means I want dat two hundred dollars in yer breast pocket, see?" hissed the tough. "Fork over now, and don't yer dare to cry for help, or I'll squeeze der wind out of yer."

"This--this is downright robbery!"

"What do I care? You bloke from der fashionable quarter can't expect to do de east side violent pappin' fer it. Fork over dat money at once, or I'll do yer, see?"

And the tough increased his pressure on his victim's windpipe.

CHAPTER V.

DICK DART A PRISONER.

Dick Dart listened with great interest to the quarrel going on in the back room of the resort known as the White Rabbit.

He saw at once how matters stood.

The good looking man on the floor was of the better class of New Yorkers.

In some manner he had fallen in with the tough and had been persuaded to take in life on the east side.

The tough had won part of the man's money at cards, and now he wanted to rob him of the balance.

The man on the floor was having decidedly the worst of the encounter.

The tough was slowly but surely choking him to death.

He tried to cry out again, but in vain.

"I can't stand this," said the young millionaire detective to himself.

The window was partly open.

With a quick movement Dick threw it open still further and leaped into the back room.

The tough did not see him coming.

Dick Dart grabbed him by the collar.

An instant later Casey went sailing half way across the room.

His head came in contact with the edge of the table and he uttered a yell of pain.

"Hully ger!"

"Thank heaven, help is at hand!" gasped the man on the floor

"You miserable coward!" cried Dick Dart turning upon the tough "What were you going to do?"

"Wot business is dat of yours?" retorted Casey.

"A good deal of my business," said Dick Dart, with a regular Bowery swagger, for it must be remembered he was in disguise. "This gent is a friend of mine, ain't that so, Mr. Higgins?"

And he tipped the man a wink.

"Certainly you are my friend," was the ready reply, and the man told the exact truth, for he looked upon Dick as the "friend in need."

"Who are you?" growled Casey.

He was a bad egg and had done time up at Blackwell's Island on several occasions.

"Barry Lewis of the Tenth ward," replied Dick, promptly.

"Don't know yer."

"Maybe you think you know every man in New York," said Dick, sarcastically.

He turned to Higgins.

"Did this man swindle you out of anything?"

"He--he won some money at cards, I think unfairly. But I am willing to let that go, as I've had enough of his company."

His one thought was to get away from the resort.

He had seen all he wanted to see of the lower side of east side life.

"All right, you had better skip out, 're-joined Dick, in a low tone.

And he nodded toward the window.

"But you?" faltered Higgins.

"I can take care of myself. Go before this fellow calls some of his pals."

Thoroughly alarmed, Oscar Higgins waited to hear no more.

He ran for the window and clambered out.

"Good!" cried the tough.

He sprang forward, to go sprawling on his face.

Dick Dart had tripped him up.

Rolling with rage, he leaped to his feet.

"I don't know who yer are, but I'll do yer for dat!" he hissed.

And drawing a long blackjack from his pocket, he made at the young millionaire detective.

"Back!"

The tough advanced but a few feet.

He brought up suddenly in the face of a pistol in Dick Dart's hands.

"Hully ger!"

"Drop that blackjack!"

"Don't shoot!"

"Drop that blackjack!"

"I wasn't goin' ter hit yer. I was only foolin'."

"Drop it, or I'll---"

Thud! The blackjack dropped to the floor.

"Here that's bet---"

"You're a cooler!"

"I have to be in dealing with such chaps as you."

"Where did you come from?"

"In through the window."

"Yer caught me fine, I must say."

"Taffy don't go with me," replied Dick Dart.

He was puzzled what to do next.

"Casey, you hand out here a good deal, don't you?" he asked.

"Dat's so."

"Who hangs out here with you?"

"Nobody."

"Well, who hangs around here with Barney Noyes?"

"Oh, lots of sports."

"Name them."

As well as he was able the tough did so.

Nothing was mentioned of Rockmore and Longback Phil.

"Why yer lookin' fer?" asked the tough, curiously.

"A fellow with a long back."

And Dick described the man he had been following from the elevated station.

Casey's eyes brightened.

"I seen him talking to Noyes about an hour ago," he cried.

"Where?"

"Upstairs. I went up ter bring down some change for the barkeeper."

"Were the longback and Noyes alone?"

"No; dere was annuder fellow wid 'em."

"What kind of a lookin' chap?"

"A chunky feller wid red hair."

Dick Dart knew that could not be Rockmore.

It might possibly be one of the other bond robbers.

"What were they talking about?"

"Some boodle."

"Did you hear much of what was said?"

Casey was about to reply when two men burst into the room from a side door.

Both carried pistols, which were at once leveled at Dick Dart's head.

"Hands up, young man, or we'll bore you through!" said the leader of the pair.

It was Longback Phil, the bond robber.

Dick Dart was taken by surprise and was a prisoner.

CHAPTER VI.

PUT TO TORTURE.

"Hands up!"

Dick Dart wheeled about.

He saw instantly that he was trapped.

"Close the window, Casey!" ordered the second man.

It was Barney Noyes, the ex-prize fighter, and owner of the resort.

Casey at once jumped to do as he was bidden.

Dick Dart's pistol had been restored to his pocket.

He had been taken off his guard.

He saw it would be useless to resist.

The rascals would have shot him down where he stood.

His hands went up slowly over his head.

At this Longback Phil laughed.

"I see you know how to mind," he laughed.

"Yes, I learned it when I was on the farm," drawled Dick.

"No joking, please. You are not what you pretend to be, sonny."

"No?"

"Nixy! You are a detective, and the very one who has been following me for the past few hours."

"A detective!" growled Barney Noyes.

"That's straight, Barney."

"We ought to do him!" growled the ex-prize fighter.

"Oh, we'll take care of him all right."

The two men whispered together a moment.

Then Casey was sent out of the room.

He came back in a short while, bringing with him a new washline.

While Barney Noyes continued to cover Dick, Casey bound him, hands and feet.

Then Longback Phil made sure that the bonds were properly adjusted.

Dick Dart was thrown on his back and a gag was thrust into his mouth.

It was now quite late.

Out on the main saloon a noisy crowd were having an interesting time.

No one suspected what was going on in the rear.

"Where shall we take him?" asked Longback Phil.

"Pick him up and I'll show you," replied Barney Noyes.

The bond robber and Casey the tough did so.

The keeper of the White Rabbit opened the side door and passed into a narrow entry.

Not far away was another door, leading to the cellarway.

Down a pair of dirty steps Dick Dart was carried.

Then Barney Noyes turned upon Casey.

"Skip it, Casey," he said. "And mind you never tell a word of this to any one, or you'll not hang around here any longer."

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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Youthful Bounty Claimants.

Among the first applicants for wolf bounties in South Dakota, under the new bounty act which became a law in that state in the winter of 1899-99, were two more tots of children, Rose and Custer Foulkrod, who made their appearance at the house of the county treasurer one morning only three weeks after the law went into effect.

Rose, the elder, is but eleven years of age, and Custer only nine or ten, and they looked even younger. The children are not brother and sister. Rose appears to be wholly, or in part, of Indian descent, and is a waif adopted in the Foulkrod family several years ago. Custer, on the other hand, is a bright, sandy-haired little fellow, who gave direct answers to all questions put to him. His father, he said, had "gone for a soldier," and his mother was at her early home in Indiana, but "Grandpa and Grandma Hogan" were at their sod house on the North Fork, eleven miles distant. The children had come from there that morning.

When first seen, at about seven o'clock, they were sitting in front of the treasurer's

Hauling it home in triumph.

home on a rude sled, harnessed to a very subdued, piebald cayuse or Indian pony. How long they had been there was not clear; they appeared to be waiting to be seen, not heard. It was a cold morning, while yet six inches of frozen snow lay on the ground, and their clothing was far from warm or abundant. They had wrapped themselves in three worn old blankets, and had a large, rickety good box at their backs. Rose was sitting straight as a stick, her black eyes fixed on the house windows; she scarcely spoke at all, and declined to go into the house, after the treasurer had invited them to enter, but watched his face closely. It was the boy who did the talking. He said thus they had come to "get the bounty," so that they could "go to the store and buy grub."

"Bounty on what?" the treasurer asked them.

"Wolfses," said the boy. "Five wolfses and a lion and a kityote."

"But have you the proof—the hides or scalps with the tails?" the treasurer asked.

"Yep," replied the boy, in a business tone. Jumping nimbly over the goods box, he hauled out from it five wolf pelts, a coyote hide, and a small mountain lion skin—all fresh.

The wolfskins were those of the large, gray timber-wolf, a formidable and destructive brute which inflicts deplorable losses on the stockmen of the counties west of the Missouri, bordering the Black Hills. The new bounty law provides that three dollars shall be paid by county treasurers for each gray wolf scalp or hide, a like sum for a mountain lion, and one dollar for a coyote.

But satisfactory evidence must be presented that the animals were killed within the county or state, and it is the treasurer's duty, on payment, to punch a hole not less than half an inch in diameter in each ear of every skin, to prevent "repeating." The skin, thus marked, is returned to the person presenting it, who can sell it if he wishes. It is expected also that the owners of cattle and sheep ranches will pay a bounty to those who destroy wolves and panthers, in addition to that paid by the state.

To prevent fraud, the county officers are obliged to use vigilance and in this instance the treasurer's suspicion was that the children had been sent to him by some one who had brought the skins into the state from Nebraska or Wyoming.

"Where did you get these hides?" he asked.

"Ot'n wolfses," replied the lad.

"Yes, but who killed them?"

The boy's eyes searched the treasurer's. "Grandpa Hogan made pills fer 'em," he replied, as if conceding something unwillingly, "but Rose she ketched 'em," he added, stoutly, indicating his companion with a nod.

"How old a man is your grandfather?" the treasurer asked incredulously.

"He's most eighty, grandpa is, and it took him most all the forenoon every time to get to skin 'em."

"Look here, you must tell me the truth about this," said the treasurer, severely.

"I'm tellin' you the truth," replied the boy, with clear-eyed honesty. "Her and me ketched 'em and grandpa made pills fer 'em, fer us."

"But tell me how you caught these wolves," exclaimed the treasurer, still unconvinced.

"We ketched 'em in the shack."

"What shack? Where?"

"Grandpa's old shack, where he used to live, on t'other side of the crick."

"Yes, but how did you catch wolves in this shack?" questioned the treasurer. "How did the wolves in the shack?"

"They went in to get the hoss head and the steer bones."

"Bones that you put there for bait? But what kept wolves from coming out?"

The boy explained that "her"—meaning Rose, whose black eyes twinked rapidly when the treasurer looked at her—had made a kind of spring catch from dry ash wood and a leather string, attached to which was a stone for a weight. The door of the shack, or small log shanty, was left ajar about ten inches, so that a wolf, "lion," or any other creature, approaching the empty structure, could put its head in and look about the interior.

To all appearance the door was unfastened, swinging free, and the wolf or other wild beast was not alarmed by anything that it saw either within or without. To get the bones it had but to walk in; yet when it did so, the larger end of the bone pushed the door back a little farther, and the ashen spring at the top, bending slightly, released the weight attached to the spring. Then—as the creature's body passed in—the door was pulled to with just sufficient force to latch it. The animal was thus entrapped and all so quietly that it scarcely felt any alarm at first.

How it had learned so cunning a stratagem was not explained; perhaps from her Indian mother. There was very little to it of course, or mechanism, and nothing whatever in the way of metal; otherwise it would have since it is now almost impossible to take these wolves in steel traps, or even in log traps such as white hunters sometimes construct.

Yet to this primitive device, contrived by the hand of an eleven-year-old child, five large gray wolves had, one after another, fallen victims. Two, indeed, had been entrapped at once, the second having apparently pushed into the shack with the first.

The shack itself was simply a little low log house without windows, and having a sod roof. When once the door had swung to and latched behind the wolf, it was a prisoner.

By the time the boy had explained it and told how the spring and weight were adjusted, the treasurer became convinced of his truthfulness. He brought out his punch and hammer, and proceeded to make holes in the ears of the skins, as by law directed, while little Rose eyed his every movement with attention to details.

"How did you know when you had caught a wolf?" the treasurer asked.

"Her went up to look every morning," said the boy.

"What did you do when you found you had a wolf?" the treasurer asked the girl; but she only blinked half a dozen times in a second, and it was still the boy who replied for her. That is how they came to get Grandpa Hogan to "make a pill" for it. The old man had been a wolf hunter in his day, and knew that to shoot a wolf inside the shack would spoil all chance of trapping another there. He enclosed enough strychnine to kill a wolf in a bit of tallow, the size of a hen's egg. This the children carried to the shack and poked in through a chink between the logs, and after they had gone the wolf's hunger soon did the rest.

Toward evening the two small hunters

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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Tracing the Robbers.

Continued From Page Twelve.

Barney Noyes' word was law among the gang.

Without a word of protest Casey left the cellar and went up to the saloon for a drink.

Then, afraid Higgins would come back with help, he walked away to another favorite hang-out.

"There in the coal vault," said Noyes to Longback Phil. "He won't be able to escape from that if we lock him in."

"All right. But take the gag from his mouth first; I want to question him."

The gag was removed.

Longback Phil had lit a lantern and this he now dashed into the young detective's face.

"Who are you?" he asked, sharply.

"A detective."

"Your name?"

"It might be Smith."

"Answer me."

The bond robber gave Dick a nasty kick in the ribs.

Still Dick did not answer.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"No."

"Stubborn, eh? I'll make you talk."

Taking a match from his pocket, Longback Phil lit it.

Then he applied the flame to Dick Dart's ear.

"Now speak," he commanded. "Speak, or I'll burn off your ear!"

The pain was intense.

Dick Dart jerked his ear away.

"No, you don't," cried the bond robber. "Hold him, Barney."

With a grin of delight the keeper of the resort complied.

By this time the match had gone out.

Calmly Longback Phil proceeded to light another.

It looked as if Dick Dart must either speak or suffer the most excruciating pain.

"You think yourself brave, but I'll tame you," remarked the bond robber.

Again he applied the burning match to Dick's ear.

The skin was beginning to burn.

Sizz-g-l-i-g-z-l-i-n-g!

It was a hell overhead.

"Stop it!" cried Barney Noyes.

"What does that ringing mean?" asked Longback Phil.

"It's the barkeeper's signal. Something is wrong in the saloon."

They came another ring.

"Throw him in the vault and lock the door," went on Noyes.

This was hastily done.

Dick Dart landed on his back on a heap of coal and was left in utter darkness.

He heard the two men leave the cellar and then followed silence, saving for the faint tramp of feet in the saloon over the cellar.

For several minutes the young detective could think of nothing but the pain in his ear.

He could not get at the spot with either hand, and so had to suffer.

After a while the pain ceased to a large degree.

An hour went by and nobody came near the coal vault.

Dick Dart began to work at the rope which bound him.

It was not long before he had one hand free.

He was at work on the other hand when he heard a noise outside.

A moment later the door to the vault was unlocked and thrown open.

Barney Noyes stood in the opening, lighted lantern in hand.

"Still as we left him, I reckon," he muttered to himself.

Then he came closer to make a more thorough inspection.

He bent over Dick Dart.

Scarcely had he done so than the young detective caught him in his young but muscular arms.

Noyes was upset.

The lantern was dashed to the stone flooring and went out, leaving the ex-prize fighter and Dick Dart to grapple in the dark.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK DART SHOWS HIS MUSCLE.

The ex-prize fighter had the advantage of the situation, for he was entirely free so far as his body went, while Dick Dart still had his feet and one hand tied.

But as Noyes came down, Dick Dart struggled viciously to get on top of him.

This the young millionaire detective succeeded in doing, and a moment later slipped free his other hand.

"Darn you!" hissed Noyes.

He had not expected an attack and was taken entirely off his guard.

He made a clutch at Dick, but the young detective squirmed out of his reach.

Then Dick Dart stumbled over something.

It was the lantern, a heavy brass-bound affair.

He picked it up and stood on his feet.

"I'll have yer life for this!" howled Barney Noyes.

All the hatred in his nature was aroused.

He leaped on Dick and let out a crashing blow with his fist.

Dick Dart dodged.

Then around came the heavy lantern.

The swinging blow landed on Barney Noyes' left temple.

It made a deep gash and the ex-prize fighter went down with a groan.

Dick Dart had knocked him out.

The young detective stood guard a moment, and then seeing Noyes did not move, he set down the lantern and freed his feet.

The glass on the lantern had been smashed into a thousand pieces, but otherwise the affair was all right, and Dick lit it to survey the situation.

Noyes was unconscious.

As he lay in that state, Dick Dart bound him hand and foot, and then tied up.

"Tit for tat," he murmured to himself.

Then, nursing his bruised ear, he waited for Noyes to come to his senses.

It was not long before the keeper of the resort opened his eyes.

"Who—who soaked me?" he gasped.

"I did," answered Dick. "Now keep quiet," Noyes looked bewildered, and then glared savagely at the young detective.

"You're a fly one," he said.

"Where is Longback Phil?" was Dick's question.

"None of your business."

"Want your head bored, Noyes?"

The ex-prize fighter winced.

"No! no!"

"Then answer me."

"He is not here."

"Gone away?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

Dick Dart thought out a match and lit it. He did not mean to burn Noyes' ear, only to scare him.

"Tell me or I'll tell you all!" shrieked the keeper of the White Rabbit, in terror.

"Where have they gone?"

"Over to Jersey City."

"To what place?"

"To a resort on Grand street. I don't know the number, but it ain't many blocks from the ferry."

"Who is with him?"

"I don't know."

Dick lit another match, the first having gone out.

"Don't burn me! Don't burn me!" screamed Barney Noyes.

"Then answer all of my questions. I won't stand this beating about the bush."

"Rockmore, Rube Zyler, and Tom Blossom are with him."

"Have they got the stuff they stole with them?"

"I don't know; I swear I don't."

"Did they bring the stuff here?"

"No."

"Who had it?"

"Rockmore and Zyler took it away this afternoon. I don't know where they placed it."

"And you don't know the number of that place on Grand street, in Jersey city?"

"No. It's a brick house, with one shutter gone off a second-story window."

"Why, said so!"

"Rockmore. He was telling Blossom how to find the place."

"How long are they going to stay at the rendezvous?"

"Till tomorrow only."

"And then?"

"I don't know what they are going to do after that. Say?"

"Well?"

"You ought to give me my liberty after telling you so much."

"Not just yet, Noyes."

Dick Dart felt that no time was to be lost.

It was after midnight, and by morning the bond robbers would probably take flight for parts unknown.

No doubt they intended to meet in Jersey City to divide up their ill-gotten gains.

Still leaving Noyes tied up, Dick Dart locked the man in the coal vault.

Then he hunted around the cellar until he found a small window opening out upon the alley partially unclosed.

Through this window he crawled.

A few minutes later he was on the way to the nearest police precinct.

The officer in charge knew Dick Dart and was surprised to receive a visit from him at this time of night.

He was still more astonished when Dick told him he wanted Barney Noyes arrested and that the man was lying bound in the coal vault of his own resort.

"I will make a charge against him," said Dick Dart. "Send around a couple of policemen to arrest him without delay."

The officer agreed to do so, and two policemen were detailed for the work.

To one of these Dick gave the keys of the coal vault.

Then he called a night cab.

"Drive me to the Pennsylvania railroad ferry at once," he said, and sprang in the cab.

Over the almost deserted streets they rattled, striking Fourteenth street, Northeast Corner.

A boat was just preparing to leave for the other side of the river and Dick Dart was the last person to step aboard.

The night travel on the ferryboats is very slim.

Dick looked through the gentleman's cabin and to the forward deck.

As he did so he noticed two men who were seated smoking and talking earnestly in the forward cabin.

The two men were Rockmore and Longback Phil.

"By the heavens, it is that accursed detective!" muttered Longback Phil. "How did he escape?"

"He must have downed Noyes," returned Jim Rockmore.

Dick did not notice the men.

He walked out on the front deck and found that he was quite deserted.

All the other passengers were in the cabin, out of the bitter cold.

Swiftly the boat began to cross the dark and chilly river.

Suddenly Longback Phil and Rockmore arose and slipped outside.

Noiselessly they crept up behind Dick Dart.

Longback Phil raised a sandbag over the young detective's head.

Down it fell with terrible force.

The blow rendered Dick Dart unconscious.

"Good!" murmured Jim Rockmore. "Now over with him."

The two bond robbers caught Dick up in their arms.

A second later and the unconscious form slid over the boat's guards.

"He's a goner this trip," said Longback Phil, hoarsely. "If he isn't dead already, the paddlewheel will finish him."

CHAPTER VIII.

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

Rockmore and Longback Phil were sure they had got rid of Dick Dart forever.

They ran back through the passageway for fear of being seen on the ferryboat.

Nothing was to be seen through the darkness of the impenetrable blackness.

"He's a goner, right enough," muttered

street and walked slowly along, on the watch for the house with one blind missing from a second-story window.

Several blocks were passed and then the house was spotted.

The two lower floors were dark, as was also the basement.

On the top floor a bright light was burning.

Dick wondered how he could get into the house.

He looked to his pistol.

It was in perfect order.

"Here goes," he said to himself.

Crossing the street, he ran up the steps of the house and boldly rang the bell.

At once the light upstairs was lowered, showing the men were on guard.

Then came soft footsteps down to the lower hall.

"Who is there?" came in a strange voice.

"Barney Noyes," returned Dick, promptly.

"Barney!" The door was hastily unlocked. "What brings you here?"

"News, my boy. News. Where is Rockmore and the others?"

"Upstairs. Come up, Barney."

Rube Zyler, for the man was that individual, led the way up two flights of stairs.

Dick Dare followed.

They passed through a short hallway.

"It's all right; open the door!" called out Zyler.

Then the door of a room in front was thrown open, and the young detective entered the rendezvous of the bond robbers.

He was alone among his enemies, and a single false move might cost him his life.

This thrilling story of robbery and detective work will be continued next week. The Ledger's special announcement of free cameras and patterns appears on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Mr. Shivvers Tries Heroic Treatment.

"U-m-m-m" said Mr. Shivvers, thoughtfully, laying down his paper, "I believe there is something in that."

"In what?" asked Mrs. Shivvers.

"Why, in these 'Health Hints for the Helpless' they say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning baths is an infallible cure for neuralgia and rheumatism," explained Mr. Shivvers.

"Cold water right out of the spigot, without any warm water at all?" cried Mrs. Shivvers.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Shivvers.

"O-o-o-oh! I couldn't," shuddered Mrs. Shivvers.

Mr. Shivvers smiled a superior smile.

"Of course, it is rather heroic treatment, and requires considerable moral as well as physical courage, but to a man convinced of its efficacy that is of no consequence," he said, complacently, "and I certainly shall give it a fair trial. Besides," he continued, fortifying his sudden resolution, "it is not one sudden freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion while you very leisurely count six. Like this, one, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink upon one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; and six, you immerse your body. See, after all, it is not so very dreadful. Yes, I shall certainly try it tomorrow morning."

However, Mr. Shivvers did not seem so enthusiastic in the morning. His wife let the cold water run, according to his instructions, until the tub was full to overflowing, but, in spite of reiterated information to that effect, he still lingered in bed.

"Jeremiah," cried Mrs. Shivvers at last, from the bureau, where she was doing up her hair, "this is the eleventh time I've called you, and you just must get up. You'll be late for breakfast as it is. You needn't try that bath if you are afraid of it," she added, with a laugh.

Slowly and reluctantly Mr. Shivvers crept out from under the warm covers, silently casting a look full of reproach upon his smiling spouse, and into the bath room with the laggard step of one who has something weighing upon his mind. Then there was a long, a very long wait. Nor was it until his wife had several times exhorted him to "Hurry up, Jeremiah" that she heard him say:

"O-o-o-one, Ouch! Gosh!"

Then there was another wait and another exhortation.

"T-t-t-t-two000. Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Another wait and exhortation.

"Th-th-th-th-th-three-e-e-e," next came chattering from the bath room, immediately followed by a blood-curdling shout and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonizing yells, and what Mrs. Shivvers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bath tub, plunged into bed and rolled itself tightly up to the covers.

"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivvers, Mr. Shivvers simply glared and shivered.

"Woman!" he growled, when he could control his chattering teeth, "did you leave that cake of soap in the bottom of the bath tub on purpose?"

Youthful Bounty Claimants.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

were wont to return, and in no case had failed to find the wolf dead. They then opened the door, and attaching a bit of rope to the animal's hind legs, hauled it home in triumph.

Although to infirm to go abroad in the snow, the old man was able to skin the wolves when brought to him.

The treasurer paid the children the bounty money—nineteen dollars in all—and with an amused smile watched them drive to the store to buy "grub stuff," of which the forlorn family was no doubt in need.

It was likely that they would be able to sell the skins for a much more, however, and the treasurer concluded that there was no immediate cause for alarm concerning the Foulkrods as long as they had little Rose to trap for them and Custer to do the talking.—Youth's Companion.

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Host—I don't.

Friend—But your portrait says, "Thomas Newrich—by himself."

Host—Well, sir, I by myself? There ain't nobody else around.

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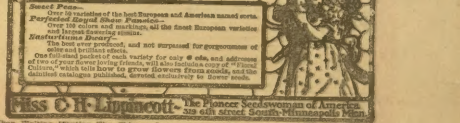
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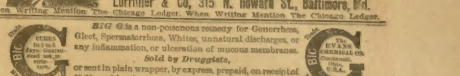

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

Don't.

I might have just a little fun
If it wasn't for a word.
I'm sure the very baddest one
Ad ever I have heard.
I hopes as it would go away,
But I say,does it, mother,
I fears as it will always stay,
That dreadful word of "Don't."

It's "Don't you make the slightest noise,"
And "Don't lie on the floor,"
And "Don't you break your pretty toys,"
And "Don't you open the door,"
And "Don't you dare go near the press,"
And "Don't you touch the cat,"
And "Don't you make your clothes a mess,"
And "Don't do this and that."

I'm only six, but yet I've found
There's nothing I would do
But what there's some one close around
Has got a "Don't" or two.

The Wolf Slayer.

This incident I am about to tell happened in Michigan's early days, when the woods were filled with Indians, bears and wolves. A family named Standish moved from the east and settled in a wild place near which is now a large city. They had forced their way through an unbroken country, and were with Indians and occasionally a settler, but at last had arrived at their homestead, tired and worn with their journey.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Standish; Ned, aged 14; Nellie, aged 11, and Frank, a boy of 7, all of them sturdy and ready to stand the hardships of a new country. They had scarcely settled in their home before winter was upon them.

The children gradually overcame their fear of the Indians, and Ned could shoot and fish as well as the native boys. So, as if she had quacked it out: "I have a nest

Johnny, the Elephant—I wonder why nobody wants to skate near me! I'm just as sociable as any one!

ALONE AND FORSAKEN.

when one year after they had been settled in their new home, the children did not feel afraid to stay alone when their parents received word to come to a distant settlement to visit a sick friend whom they had known in their old home. Mrs. Standish dreaded to leave the care of the house and stock to the children, but Nellie's hearty "I can, mamma," and Ned's "don't worry about us," caused them to start at once. Mr. Standish told Ned to keep good watch of the sheep, as the neighbors' flocks had been disturbed by wolves.

The children were a little lonely at night, as children are likely to be. Nellie had covered the coals with ashes and had tucked little Frank in bed, while Ned had put the oxen in the stable and turned the sheep in the enclosure near the house, thinking they could better care for them should the wolves come. In the middle of the night Ned awoke with a start, thinking he had heard some animal passing window. He lay motionless and quite heard the patter of feet on the frozen ground coming nearer and nearer, past the stable where Star and Duke, the oxen, were lying in fright. By this time Nellie and Frank were awake and badly frightened, but Ned, telling them not to be afraid, took down his father's rifle and shot by the dim light of a candle. There was an awful silence and Ned was afraid to see what he had done. The rest of the night passed in quiet.

In the morning, to Ned's surprise, one of his father's finest sheep lay on the ground dead, with a basket of frozen potatoes around the neck. In one corner of the fence Ned had placed them the day before. The sheep, in running, had put its head in the basket, and Ned's first shot brought him to the ground.

The children were greatly distressed over the thought of what their father would say, but they frankly told the whole story when they arrived home, and, although Mr. Standish greatly regretted the loss of his sheep, he praised Ned for his bravery for attacking what he supposed to be a wolf.

Mother Ducks.

The wild duck is apt to be rather queer as a mother. She often seems to have the most strange ideas about good places for the nursery.

It is necessary for the well-being of her babies that the nursery should be close by the water's side, for the little ones like to take to the water as soon as hatched. They have small use for the land except to rest on and they are rather restless. The water is their element, and yet the old mother duck will sometimes choose for her nestling place a spot more than 100 yards from any water; sometimes she will even choose the pollard willow, and how she conveys her young brood to the water is one of those problems of natural history which, like the cuckoo's way of getting her egg into a wren's nest, will probably go on vexing till the end of time.

Often she will make her nest or lay her eggs in a spot that has no cover. And yet no one can say that she is not an affectionate, even an over-anxious, mother. When you come near her nest and startle her off it she does not go away, as a wise woman would, stealthily, secretly, so as not to reveal to you its existence, but with a flutter and a commotion and often with an affectation of a broken wing (as if to lead you off in pursuit of her rather than leave you looking for her eggs), that tells you as plainly as if she had quacked it out: "I have a nest there; please do not go looking for it, but come and catch me; I have a broken wing."

She has only too many reasons for over-anxiety. It is quite pitiful. She is a pitiful object herself, as she goes about in her tame fashion in the real dangers that menace her young family are many and terrible. On shore, as soon as hatched, or even while still in the shell, they are the most attractive prey of rats, both gray rats and water voles, and no sooner do they take to the water than a hungry pike is looking out to gobble them up, or a heron is not at all above skewering one of them on his bayonet beak if it should come his way. So all these causes for anxiety more than excuse Mother Duck for her fussiness, even if there be no excuse for her habit of pitching her nursery tent in places that really do not seem good at first sight.

A Wise Youngster.

"You should be more careful of your toys, Johnny," said a mother to her small son, "look at Willy. He seldom breaks any of his."

"Yes," replied the wise youngster, "and that's why he don't get half as many new ones as I do."

Bobby Wasn't Selfish.

"I want Bobby to take some medicine now. Will he take it like a good boy?"

"Eh, mother. Is it nice?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Then do think it, mother, 'nstead of me. Bobby not selfish 'ittle boy."

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